The Grand Army at Washington; and a Short Story by Olive Schreiner. In this Number.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XXXVI.—No. 1867.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1892.

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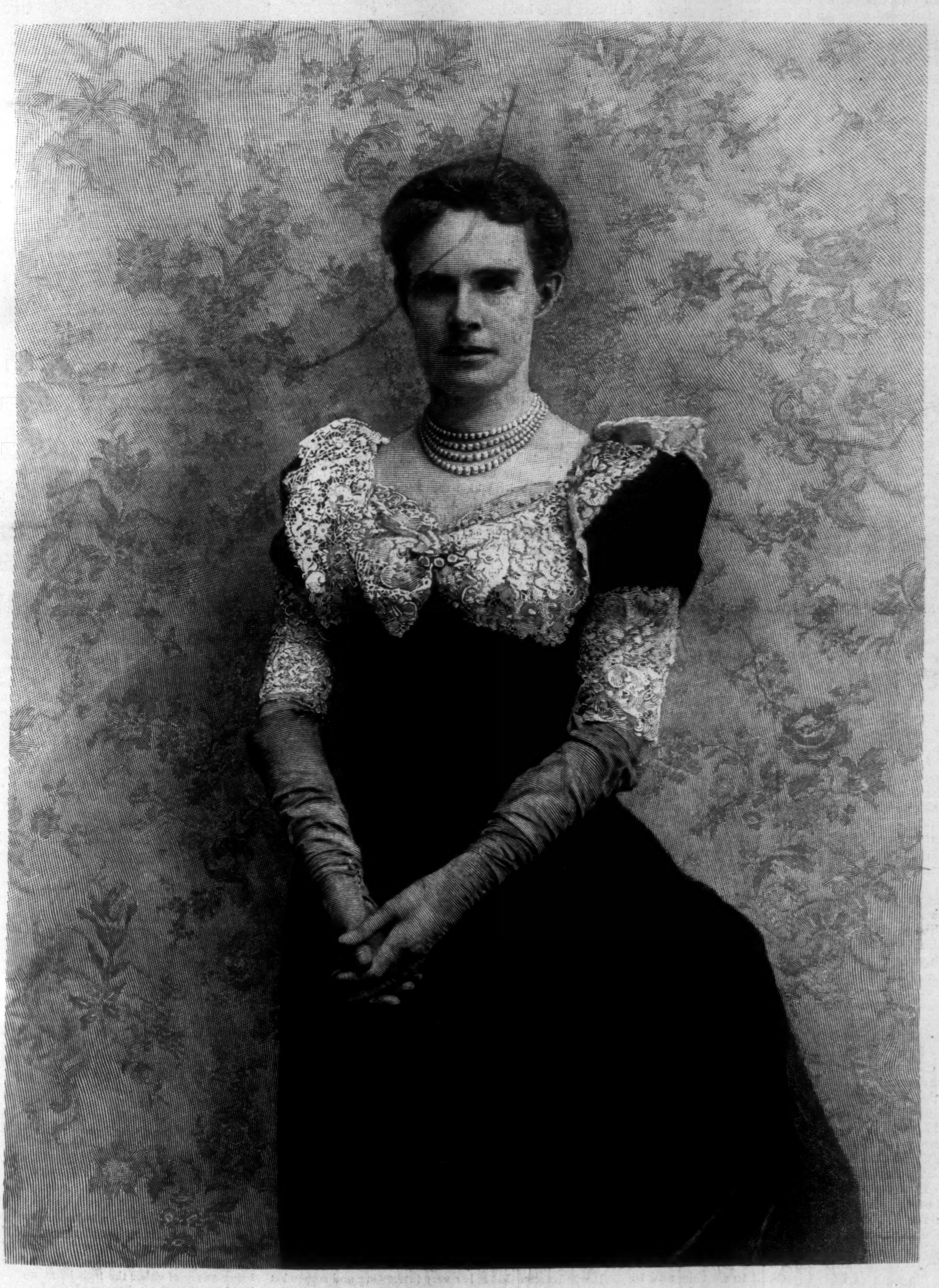


MRS. WHITELAW REID.—[SEE PAGE 943.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER 1, 1892.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

SENATOR HILL AND THE INDEPENDENTS.

SENATOR HILL has done what he did not intend to do—he has furnished additional proof of the eminent usefulness if not the necessity of the existence of an independent element in our politics. He recently delivered a speech in Brooklyn, in which he reassured the world of his still being "a Democrat," promised to support the candidates of the Democratic party, and gave expression to his feelings concerning the independents in politics in this wise: "Political parties are a necessity under our system of free government; but parties cannot exist and accomplish successful results without unity of action, prompt acquiescence in the conclusions of the majority, and vigorous co-operation under competent leadership to secure the common object. To this end individual preferences and personal opinions must give way to the judgment of the party councils. The party platform in all its essential particulars must be deemed to be the infallible party guide, and the party's candidates are our candidates, and are entitled to our fealty. There is no place in honorable American politics for the political guerillas who do not attach themselves to either of the great political armies, but who, while swearing allegiance to neither, criticise them both, and fight first on one side and then upon the other. I am not assuming to offer suggestions of duty to this class of people, but am speaking as a Democrat to Democrats."

That Senator HILL should heartily disapprove of the independent in politics is not surprising, for he is shrewd enough to know that the independent in politics heartily disapproves of him. We should, therefore, not attach much consequence to his opinions on this subject were he not to be regarded as a fair representative of a large class of practical politicians in both the Democratic and Republican parties. Moreover, his creed with regard to the binding force of the action of party caucuses and conventions upon the members of the respective parties, if not upon citizens generally, is superficially shared by a good many well-meaning citizens, who do not take the trouble of inquiring into the true inwardness of things.

Senator HILL can hardly have meant to say that the independent voters who, as he expresses it, "criticise both parties, and fight first on one side and then on the other," are not, in point of fact, a very important force in American politics. For he must know, and does know to his discomfort, that this force is large, and constantly growing larger. It may without exaggeration be said that in the State of New York alone there are nearly one hundred thousand citizens who cannot be depended upon to march always to the party drum, but who more or less carefully consider at every election what parties and what candidates are, respecting the public interest, the most deserving of support. The position of the independents is a recognized one, too, for they constitute the very element to which, in election times, both parties address their appeals, in order to win the votes with which to make up their majorities.

What Senator HILL really meant to say was that voters who do not recognize the action of regularly called party conventions as of absolutely binding force should not be regarded as having a legitimate place in what he calls "honorable American politics." What, then, does he wish us to understand when he speaks of "honorable American politics"? His own career answers this question. He was an aspirant to the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. He was also in command of the Democratic party machinery in this State. He caused a State Convention to be called in midwinter, when the preliminary caucuses could not possibly be well attended, and when the delegates would be substantially appointed by his agents. By the State Convention so packed he had himself designated as the choice of New York Democracy for the Presidency, and the delegates to the National Convention instructed to vote for him as a unit. And this manœuvre was to be accepted by the Democrats of other States as the unanimous action of the Democracy of New York, and as an example to be followed by them. This is what Senator HILL understands by "honorable American politics" on the part of the leader; and then he insists that it is "honorable American politics" on the part of the rank and file to submit to all this, and to accept it without question as an authoritative party command, to disobey which would be dishonorable. As to the independents, he thinks that they have no business to interfere with such "honorable" arrangements, and that if they do, they dishonorably encroach upon the province of the hard-working machine-manager.

It does not seem to have occurred to Senator HILL that if he has thus demonstrated the existence of influential leaders in our political parties who regard such tricks as "honorable American politics," to be submitted to as a matter of political honor, he has at the same time demonstrated the necessity of the existence of the independent voter as a political force that will not submit to them, but do all it can to defeat them. For did no such force exist to interfere with the "honorable American politics" of such statesmen as Senator HILL, our whole political life would soon become a mere game, to be played by political gamblers, and to be won by him who most skilfully loads his dice.

That the independent voter has no place inside of Senator HILL's machine we readily admit; but he has a very important place outside of it in truly honorable American politics. His calling is to be a terror to those who seek to make American politics a game with loaded dice; to encourage in both political parties the good elements to resist the machinations of those that are bad; to aid in punishing political parties for giving themselves up to evil influences; and to promote the cause of good government in whatever way and by whatever party it may be advanced. He supports the Democratic party at present because in it Governor HILL's kind of "honorable American politics" has suffered a crushing defeat, while in the Republican party it prospers to a dangerous extent. That Senator HILL dislikes the independents, or, as he calls them, the "political guerillas," so heartily, is a flattering sign that they are doing their duty with good effect.

CANADIAN COMPLICATIONS.

AN important question that is agitating the Canadian politicians just at present is that of separate schools in Manitoba. On this side of the line the dispute is especially interesting because of the strong side light which it throws upon the difficulties frequently encountered by the government in its dealings with an alien race and a hostile church.

The French Canadians, being Roman Catholic, and exceedingly tenacious of their language, insist that they were successful, when the Confederation was entered into, in making a bargain by which separate schools were to be maintained in every province. There is no dispute as to the right of the church schools to public maintenance in the province of Quebec, nor as to the fact that the French language is as legal as the English, nor as to the prevalence of the civil law instead of the common law. One of the strange anomalies of Dominion politics is the presence not only of different races, but of different legal languages, customs, and practices, under the British flag. The criminal law that obtains in the province of Quebec, for example, is the English law, and to one who appreciates the stubborn character of the English tongue, and the strong love entertained for it by its native masters, the proceedings in a court where Queen's Counsel speak French to a Judge whose charge is in French, and to a jury whose verdict is rendered in the same tongue, are very strange.

The school question is fundamental in Canada. The Roman Catholics assert the right to a public maintenance of their own schools, while the Protestants and the progressive Liberals are constantly endeavoring to escape from whatever obligation there may be on the part of the Dominion to satisfy the Catholic claim. These schools are not parochial, and are not directly under the control of the curés. Wherever separate schools exist, they are governed by separate school boards, each of which is a public body, one being secular and the other Roman Catholic.

The province of Manitoba, being controlled by the English and Protestants, did not desire the existence of this state of things. The people insisted that all their schools should be secular, and the Privy Council has decided that the government of Manitoba is not bound to provide separate schools, in other words, that there is no bargain which obliges the Dominion to carry out in Manitoba the policy which prevails in Quebec. The result of this decision is widespread dissatisfaction among the French Roman Catholics, and nowhere is the Manitoba school decision so warmly discussed as in the remote province of Quebec.

It is not only a religious but a political question, nor is the dissatisfaction of the French Canadians entirely confined to the loyal sons of the Church. Some of the most vigorous stimulators of dissension are the advanced radicals of their race, whose adherence to their ancient religion is of the most formal character, and who are avowedly in favor of annexation to the United States. All French Liberals profess to believe that the decision threatens the eventual abandonment of French as a legal language, of the civil law, and of the separate schools everywhere. In their outcry against this inimical position towards the Church the prelates and radicals have the sympathy of some of the English-speaking Conservatives of Quebec, who owe their success in politics to their compliance with the demands of the Church. On the other hand, the few French Protestants who are to be found in Quebec rejoice over the decision, because they are generally hostile to the tolerance of the British Conservatives towards what they call "priestly rule."

It will be seen that it is a very interesting and somewhat complicated situation. The British North American Act has united a number of progressive and thoroughly English and Protestant people with a French and Catholic power. The English-speaking provinces are growing, and the French province, outside of Montreal, is not progressing. Every forward movement undertaken by the settlers of Manitoba, Ontario, or the Northwest causes the chains of Quebec to be seriously felt. Every suggestion to the sturdy English and Scotch colonists that they cannot do this or that because it would be an offence against the rights and privileges granted to the French Catholics in consideration of their coming into the Confederation, is a cause of annoyance, sometimes of exasperation. On the other hand, every act or word spoken by the English-speaking Liberals against the Church, against the use of French in Parliament or the courts, against the division of the public-school moneys between the secular and the Roman Catholic schools, arouses the French Canadian's wrath, and causes him to break forth against the perfidy of the English.

If the province of Quebec were a State in the American Union, the people would undoubtedly be less disturbed by fears of what the general government would do, because in the Dominion the general government exercises all the powers that have not been granted to the provinces, and therefore it is more directly felt by the individual and by the local institution than is the Federal power in our own country. Canada will continue to be, at least occasionally, troubled by the discords and dissensions developed by the attempt to permit the existence of two state churches, two legal languages, and two kinds of law under one government, and that English. But whether those discords and dissensions will eventually lead to the disruption of the Dominion is doubtful, and whether they will lead to annexation is still more doubtful, for on that subject the United States have an important voice.

A FEDERAL QUARANTINE.

THE happenings at the Quarantine in the lower harbor during the last few weeks have demonstrated that the system is fundamentally unsound.

The Quarantine is, or ought to be, a defense of the whole country against contagious diseases coming from abroad. It is of the utmost importance to the nation, and it should be under national management. The failure to take Quarantine into its own hands is discreditable to the Federal government. The State of New York ought no more to be charged with the duty of preventing the introduction of disease through commerce than of punishing smugglers.

The harbor of New York is bordered by two States. At its entrance is a long stretch of land which is the property of the United States. If there is an important body of water in the country over which the Federal government naturally has supreme jurisdiction it is this harbor. Its Custom-house stands in the way of foreign products and exacts its tax, but it leaves to an authority having only partial jurisdiction over the bordering States the task of preventing the introduction of disease

The Federal government has a crude and unsatisfactory marine hospital service which has done excellent work at times, but which is limited by lack of exclusive power in such an emergency as the present. The Quarantine authorities of this port should not have been driven to Fire Island for a land station. They ought to have had the choice of Long Branch and nearer points on the New Jersey coast. If the cholera ships should become more numerous, and the demand for shore accommodations for the sick and well should become greater, under the present condition of things the Quarantine could not be made effective without the assent of the State of New Jersey. Fortunately no conflict of State authority has arisen, although the newspapers report that Dr. JENKINS has not been on the best of terms with Dr. HAMILTON, who represents the United States.

The management of this important outpost against contagion should be under one power, and that the strongest. It is not only the right, but it is the duty of the Federal government to control Quarantine.

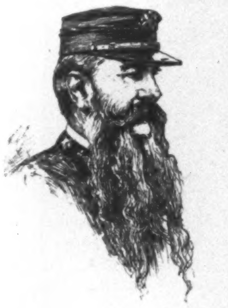
MR. SCHURZ'S LETTER.

IT is a real misfortune for the thousands who would have heard him that Mr. CARL SCHURZ is prevented by the condition of his health from speaking in the present canvass, for he is one of the few orators left to us to whom it is a keen intellectual pleasure to listen. But the very full statement of his views submitted in reply to the Brooklyn invitation will be very effective. As was remarked by the *Tribune* (July 22, 1880—the date is significant), "It is one secret of his power in political discussion that he concentrates his efforts upon the vital point of the controversy." He has done so in the present instance. "The vital point of the controversy" between the Republican high-protectionist party and the Democratic revenue-reform party is, in Mr. SCHURZ's judgment, and is in fact, the effect of the policy of the former upon its morals and on the morals of the country. Protection, either to infant industries or to American labor, is no longer really an issue, because our industries are no longer infants, and our labor does not now and never did need protection from the less-efficient labor of other countries. Protection now has come to be a partnership—it would not be unfair to say a conspiracy—between a limited number of men willing and able to pay largely for legislative favors, and the leaders of the party that has been willing and able in the past to sell those favors, and would like to extend its business.

It takes Mr. SCHURZ's admirable power of close analysis and clear succinct statement to trace the various channels in which this combination spreads demoralization. It is needless to say that he does not charge all Republicans with being aware of either the tacit bargain or its consequences, but he makes the existence of the bargain perfectly plain. And he shows that the one dominant fact in this contest is that the more closely the Republicans adhere to their essential policy, the worse must be the demoralizing effect, and, *per contra*, the more faithful the Democratic party is to its avowed principles, the more wholesome and beneficent must be its influence on the country.

Re-enforcing the conclusion from this central fact, is the evidence of the tendencies of the respective parties afforded by the manner in which their candidates were nominated. Mr. Cleveland was named despite the opposition of a large number of the active politicians of his party, including the entire regular delegation from his own State—a thing wholly unprecedented in the history of any political party in the Union—solely because what Mr. Schurz happily describes as the Democratic "people" compelled the nomination; and this was due not to any of the ordinary sources of popularity, not to "magnetism" or brilliancy or eloquence, much less to Mr. Cleveland's art in seeking popular admiration, for he is singularly wanting in all, but to the profound and general confidence in his character. Mr. Harrison, on the other hand, is certainly not popular either in his own party or outside of it, and was nominated largely through the efforts of his own appointees. Conceding everything that his friends claim as to his probity in private life, and the skill and judgment of his public administration, he still remains the spoilsmen's candidate of a party hopelessly wedded to a demoralizing policy, while Mr. Cleveland is the candidate, by free and unforced choice, of a party committed to a beneficent and needed reform. That is the lesson that Mr. Schurz develops in the letter that every voter should read.

THE VENEZUELAN EPISODE.



A fleet of war-ships under the command of Admiral Walker has been sent to Venezuela for the protection of American citizens. The vessels will arrive too late, however, for the prevention of all outrage or for the protection of our flag from any insult.

The revolution in Venezuela, like many another South American outbreak of its kind, has been attended with deeds of violence and perfidy. One of Governor Palacio's generals has set up a rebellion of his own in Maracaibo, while Mendoza, who declared himself dictator and enforced a loan of $200,000, has fled to the Dutch island of Curaçoa. Before he went, however, he was guilty of a good deal of ruffianism to American citizens. For example, he refused to grant a clearance to the American Red D line steamer *Venezuela* until he was compelled to do so by the commander of a French man-of-war lying in the harbor of La Guayra. The port of La Guayra was in the possession of Palacio, and it was here that the mail-bags of the steamer *Philadelphia* of the same line were cut open, and some of their contents destroyed by Venezuelans. This time protection was offered to the United States consul by a German man-of-war.

At another time a messenger of the United States consulate was conscripted by one of Palacio's recruiting officers, and on escaping into the house of the British vice-consul, was followed and badly beaten by the Venezuelan troops. The United States, English, and Danish consuls protested, and Palacio informed them that they must drop the matter, or the *exequatur* of the British vice-consul would be withdrawn, and he would then be thrown into jail. Upon this, the commanders of the British, French, Spanish, and German war-ships threatened to send ashore a squad of marines for the protection of the English and American consulates.

For the courtesy of these representatives of European powers the American citizens resident at La Guayra have passed a resolution of thanks.

It is greatly to be regretted that our own war-ships had not arrived before these unpleasant incidents occurred. There is a more important task awaiting them than the settlement of a doubtful diplomatic episode. When the Venezuelan government took the refugees from the deck of the American ship *Caracas*, she was in the Venezuelan port of Puerto Cabello, and had sailed from the Venezuelan port of La Guayra. These are the facts as we know them, and it is extremely doubtful if the United States ought to demand redress for that action. But the United States have a duty to perform to American citizens resident in a foreign country, and to protect them from such assaults as have been committed upon them by the Venezuelans. It is the humiliating fact, however, that our citizens have been left to the mercy of semi-barbarians, and would have had no protection at all had it not been for the interference of European officers. The revolution has been going on for several months, and one American war-vessel might well have been kept in those waters during all this time. Her presence would have doubtless prevented any of the assaults that have been made on American citizens and their property.

THE COLUMBIAN CELEBRATION.

Nobody who was in New York during the spring of 1889 is likely ever to forget the centennial celebration of the inauguration of Washington, which occurred on the 30th of April, but the ceremonies connected with which were spread over three days. All New-Yorkers know what a great thing it was for New York. We do not mean in a commercial sense alone or mainly, though in that sense it was very highly successful. But its chief value was in the new and surprising sense it gave to New-Yorkers of their own community, their own solidarity. The east side and the west side met together; the denizens of Avenue A and of Fifth Avenue felt themselves united in the fact of being Americans, and they all felt that it was good to be Americans. This feeling was more demonstratively expressed, if it was not more deeply cherished, in the quarters inhabited mainly by people of foreign birth than in those inhabited mainly by natives of this soil. The former knew what it was to be Americans by having known what it was not to be Americans, and they exulted in their newer knowledge. It was a demonstration of nationality that must have touched and inspired all those who took part in it and all those who witnessed it; and one of the valuable uses of the Washington Arch in Washington Square is to serve as a durable memorial of that festival of liberty, equality, and fraternity.

The celebration, on the 10th of October and the three succeeding days, of the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America does not perhaps in its purpose "come home to the business and bosoms" of New-Yorkers quite so keenly. It is to the event thus celebrated, no doubt, that all of us who are not aborigines owe it that we are Americans at all. But when we of the United States say that we are Americans, we look back to Washington, and not to Columbus, as the father of our country. This celebration, that is to say, is continental, and not national; and whatever feelings we have about it we share with the British Americans to the north of us and the Spanish Americans to the south, and lose our excuse for a peculiar pride. Our feeling of the occasion may thus be somewhat weakened by diffusion, but we must still feel that we are celebrating one of the greatest events in the history of the world, and one of the most beneficent.

In the pageants arranged for the celebration it seems that the whole resources of New York in the pageant-making way are to be utilized. The extent of these resources surprised as well as gratified all the witnesses of the celebration of 1889. It is to be expected that, with favorable weather, that hitherto unequalled celebration will be surpassed, for all the experience gained in it will be fresh in the memories of the managers of this. The modes of celebrating are limited, and consist chiefly of processions by land and processions by water. There will be little difficulty in improving upon the naval parade of 1889, both since there is now better material for such a pageant than there was then, and because the mistakes then made can now be avoided. The procession on land will be equally brilliant in itself, doubtless, and much more brilliant in its setting, since a committee of artists has consented to submit suggestions for decorations. In a word, the Columbian celebration promises to be as memorable as the Washingtonian celebration. Like that, it will leave a permanent memorial, this time in the monument to Columbus that will embellish one of the chief entrances to Central Park, and that will serve as a reminder of the generosity of our Italian residents, and of the warm and intelligent interest they have shown in the success of the celebration.

THE COMMON ROADS.

We recently expressed regret that according to the present plans the exhibits at the World's Fair illustrating the best methods of making good common roads, and the machinery and materials used in such construction, would be so scattered in the various buildings that a visitor would have to hunt for them and then connect the one with the other for himself. There is no question before the American people at this time more important than this one of the betterment of the country highways. The main purpose of an exhibition like the World's Fair is educational, and the best educational process is that which enables lessons to be the most easily learned. It is through the general enlightenment of the people as to the necessity for better roads and the manner of building them that we shall some time have a reform in the systems that now prevail, and which end in giving us pretty nearly the worst roadways in the world. When this decision as to the placing of the roadway exhibits was announced, a call was issued to those persons interested in the subject for a meeting to be held in Chicago in October, when the dedication ceremonies are in progress. This call has been very generally responded to by gentlemen from various sections of the country, and it is likely that quite an imposing body will assemble in Chicago to bring pressure to bear on the installation officers and induce them to change their plans.

But this meeting in Chicago will have other objects in view than to secure a proper roadway exhibit. It is proposed to organize a National League for Road Improvement, and to arrange for a congress to be held during the next year, when the World's Fair is open. The gentlemen contemplating the formation of this league propose that its members shall come from the school districts of the country, and therefore represent the very lowest political subdivision of the people. In this way the members will come directly from the people themselves. This is a good idea, for, as has been pointed out in articles on the subject in the Weekly, very many of the people fail to take an interest in this subject because they fail to appreciate its importance. In the last Congress a National Highway Commission bill passed the Senate, but was not reached in the House. It is to be presumed that the league, when formed, will urge the passage of this bill. Any and all efforts that seem to tend to a practical solution of the problem how to get better common roads in the United States are worthy of encouragement. In many States there are societies devoted to road-improvement, but in many others the movement exhausts itself in talk. A union of all those who take an interest in the subject into a national league will strengthen the movement and hasten the day when the various parts of the country shall be joined together by good and permanent highways, in the place of the streaks of dust and rivers of mud that are now miscalled roadways, but which disgrace the name.

FLOWER'S FELICITOUS OUTBREAK.

It is worth remarking, particularly by gentlemen with political aspirations, that the most popular utterance of an officer of government since Grover Cleveland said that public office was a public trust was made the other day by Governor Flower, when he exploded upon Colonel Wagstaff the assertion, "I don't care a damn for Democratic votes or any other votes in a case like this." All sorts and conditions of newspapers, representing all shades of public opinion, have recorded enthusiastic approval of the Governor's sentiments, which have so intimately accorded with the popular feeling that even their exclamatory phraseology has been generally condoned. President Harrison's expression of regret that he was "unable to find a suitable place for every deserving friend" never excited a tithe of the enthusiasm that has greeted Governor Flower's deliverance, and it would seem likely that to find any gubernatorial sentiment that has got an equal grip on the popular heart it would be necessary to go back to the famous non-political suggestion made by a Governor of North Carolina to his colleague of an adjoining State.

What the popularity of Governor Flower's remark means is that when the people put a man into executive office, they put him there to govern, and not to dicker for votes. The fact that so natural a sentiment abruptly expressed should have called out such unbounded approval illustrates how used the people are to being disappointed in their reasonable expectations. When the unexpected does happen, their delight is fairly pathetic in its exuberance.

Grover Cleveland had already demonstrated that the public servant who has the strongest grip on the voters is the one who thinks first of his duty and last about votes. This gratifying truth, which was placarded in pretty large letters by the action of the Chicago Convention, has got such an additional publication by the reception given to Governor Flower's remark that it may come in time to rank as one of the things that no practical politician can afford not to know. When that comes to pass the observer of the course of republican government in North America is entitled to get out his note-book and record progress.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.—In response to numerous applications for proofs of the Portrait of "George William Curtis" which appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY, and also of the illustration entitled "The Easy Chair," copies have been printed on coated paper, suitable for framing, and will be sent (in card-board tubes) to any address upon receipt of twenty-five cents each. Address:

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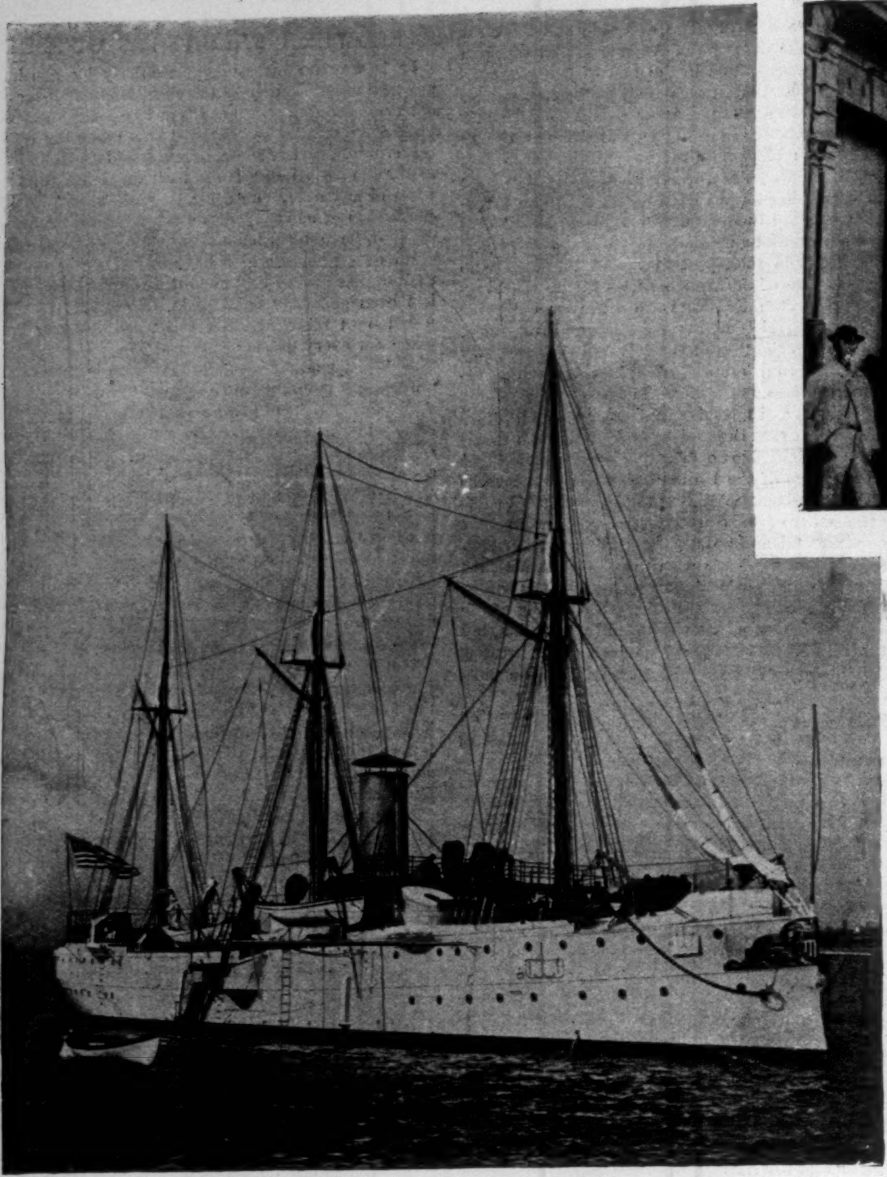
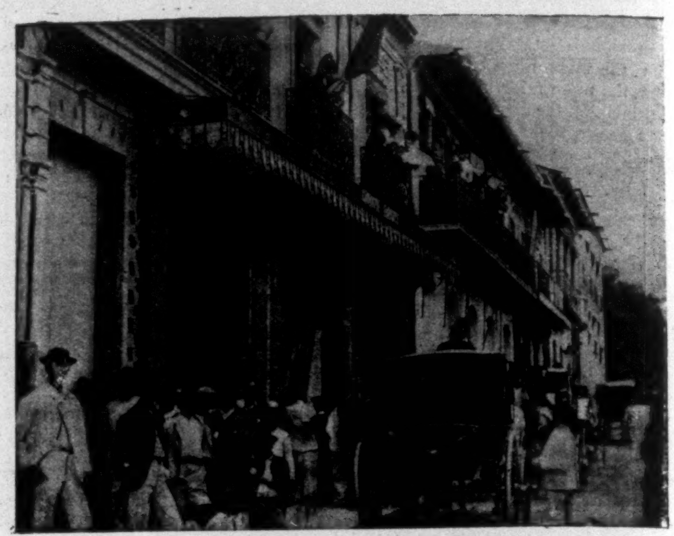
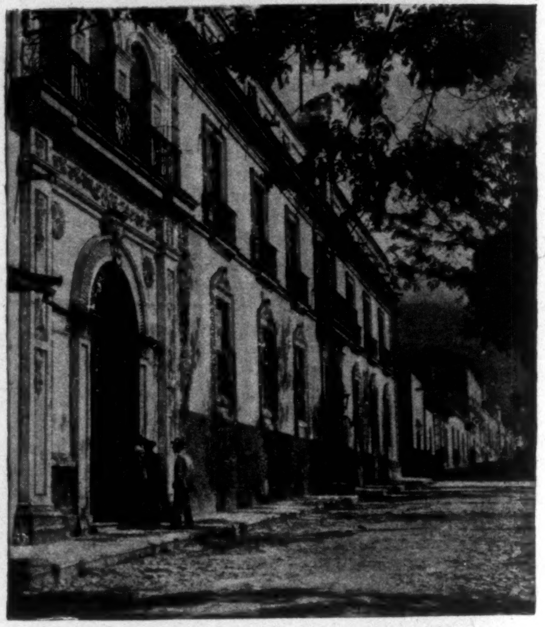


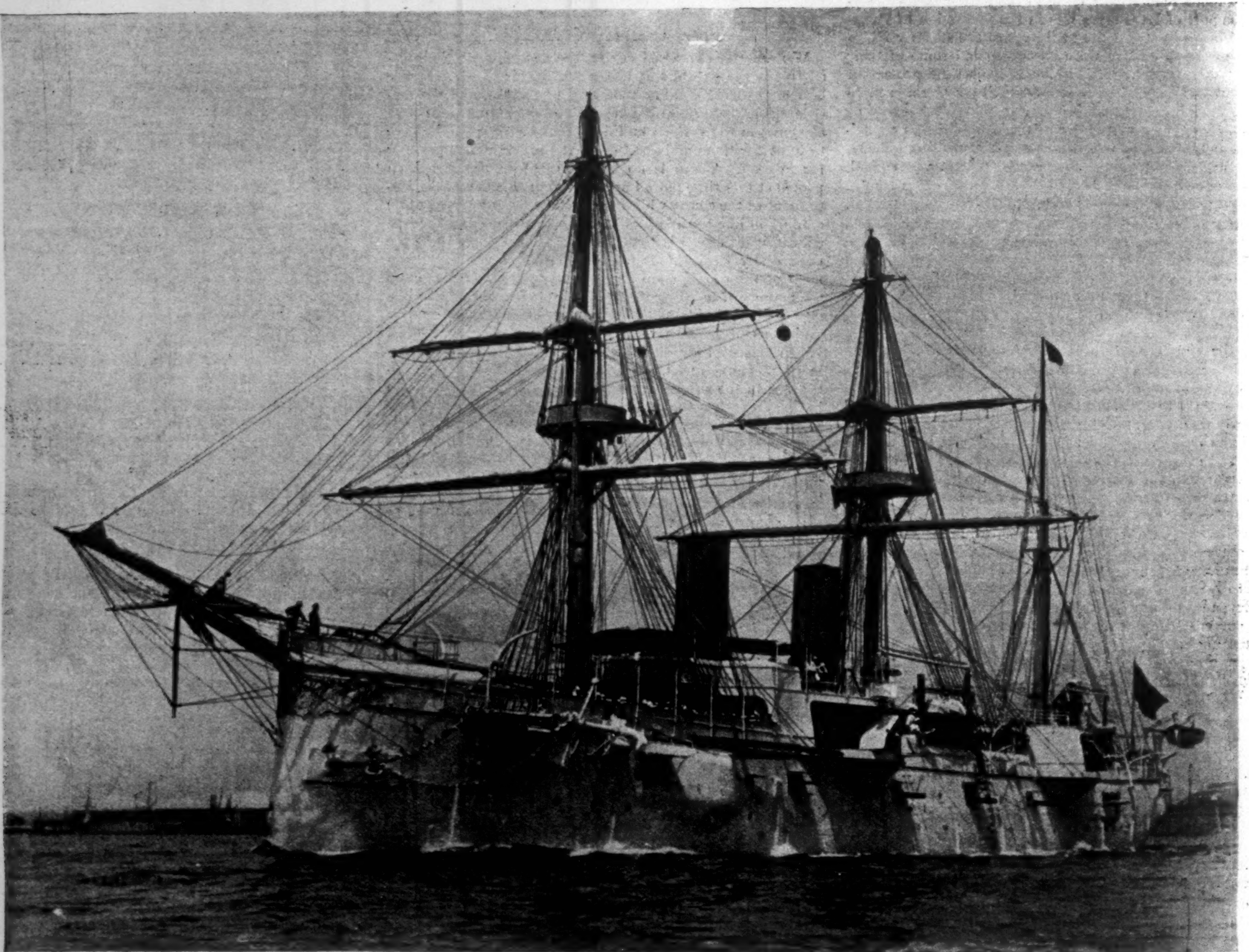
THE UNITED STATES SHIP "CONCORD."



BUSINESS STREET IN CARACAS.

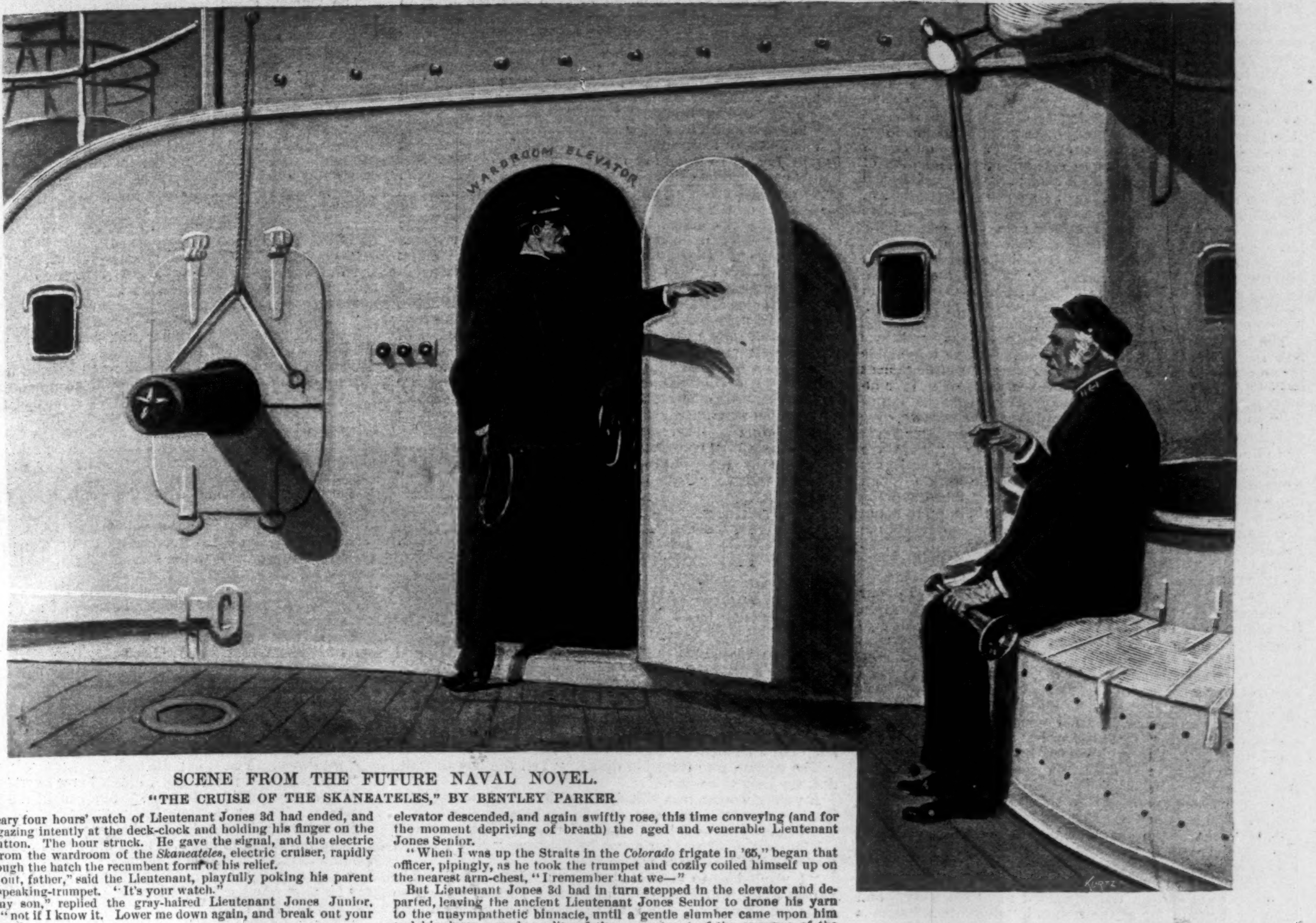


THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.



THE UNITED STATES SHIP "CHICAGO."

THE AMERICAN SHIPS OF WAR AT VENEZUELA.—[SEE PAGE 943.]



SCENE FROM THE FUTURE NAVAL NOVEL.

"THE CRUISE OF THE SKANEATELES," BY BENTLEY PARKER.

THE dreary four hours' watch of Lieutenant Jones 3d had ended, and he stood gazing intently at the deck-clock and holding his finger on the electric button. The hour struck. He gave the signal, and the electric elevator from the wardroom of the *Skaneateles*, electric cruiser, rapidly lifted through the hatch the recumbent form of his relief.

"Turn out, father," said the Lieutenant, playfully poking his parent with the speaking-trumpet. "It's your watch."

"No, my son," replied the gray-haired Lieutenant Jones Junior, sleepily; "not if I know it. Lower me down again, and break out your grandfather."

Lieutenant Jones 3d manipulated the electric button once more, the elevator descended, and again swiftly rose, this time conveying (and for the moment depriving of breath) the aged and venerable Lieutenant Jones Senior.

"When I was up the Straits in the *Colorado* frigate in '65," began that officer, pipingly, as he took the trumpet and cozily coiled himself up on the nearest arm-chest, "I remember that we—"

But Lieutenant Jones 3d had in turn stepped in the elevator and departed, leaving the ancient Lieutenant Jones Senior to drone his yarn to the unsympathetic binnacle, until a gentle slumber came upon him and his dreams made reality of the present out of the romance of the past.

THE AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICER, AND WHAT WE ARE MAKING HIM.

WHEN all the ships now authorized shall have been completed, the United States navy will consist of fifty-five vessels. It will be a small navy, as navies go nowadays, but each ship will be a thoroughly good, and in many cases the best, representative of its class. Between these ships and the vessels of fifty years ago there is very little resemblance. A modern man-of-war is no longer in type an armed merchantman, differing only in the numbers and discipline of the crew, and the substitution of guns for cargo. It is the most terribly destructive fighting-machine that the world has ever known. It is the result of progress in the arts of metal-working, of ship-building, of engine-construction, of the manufacture of guns, explosives, and projectiles, and of new discoveries and inventions in almost every field of human endeavor.

The development of a modern navy involves, however, something more than the development of its fighting tools. The best tool will not produce good work of itself. It must be controlled by skilful brains; and these last are the result of progress as much as are the implements which they govern. It is not enough, therefore, to possess in our naval officers a body of men animated by a high devotion to duty. They must in themselves be the consequence of an advance fully commensurate with that achieved in the weapons which they are to use.

The net result of modern improvements in naval armament is to shorten the time in which a conflict will be decided. As between two vessels equally matched, that ship will be the victor which first plants an effective projectile in a vital part of her adversary. It is not necessary to sink an opponent nowadays in order to disable her. She is a mass of complicated mechanism, and a wound which impairs her steering qualities or her speed, or even the efficiency of a part of her battery, may render her easily overmatched. Instead of leading his men upon the blood-stained decks of an enemy, the naval hero of to-day will stand cool and imperturbable in the conning-tower, manipulating the electric buttons through which every capability of the great composite weapon is rendered as certainly responsive to his command as are the muscles of a healthy body to the mastery of the brain.

In fact, the naval conflict will reduce itself to a battle of the brains of two commanders. One might almost say that, other things being equal, that captain will win whose brain molecules vibrate most certainly and most quickly; for when two fast cruisers engage, there is no time for paltering doubt or indecision, none for the weighing of chances. Shots that are fired must hit. The explosion of the enemy's torpedo or of his fatal shell may come at any instant. It is not so much a matter of crushing one's adversary by preponderating strength as of taking advantage of his slight error. A chance widening of the mark for the torpedo, a slight hesitancy in manœuvre, an inaccuracy in range—these are some of the accidents which, as the ships draw near, render, of all the destructive agents, the most formidable that brain which can first recognize the supreme moment when perhaps a touch of the helm means victory.

There is a need, therefore, for human organisms which are adapted to meet such conditions, which unite the necessary qualities of quick perception, skilful manipulation, coolness, and courage. Mind and body must be sound, young, and strong, not only in him who controls, but in those upon whom he depends to carry his commands quickly and efficiently into execution. The training for this is like the training of athletes for great physical contests. Brains must be made to work automatically and rhythmically, and certainly in almost infinitesimal periods of time and under a nervous strain that is terrific, like the muscles of the race-horse at the spurt at the finish. This is the summation and end of the naval officer's education, the object of his life-work.

The men who are charged with these great responsibilities are the line officers of the navy, the men who fill the grades from rear-admiral down to cadet. There is another class of naval officer, generically known as the staff, which includes the engineers, the surgeons, the paymasters, and the chaplains. These men follow their professions as they would in civil life. It is their business to keep the navy in good fighting trim, mechanically, physically, pecuniarily, and morally.

In the commissioned grades, from rear-admiral to ensign, there are 718 officers. Of these, 16 hold flag rank, and may command fleets or squadrons, 130 command vessels, and 572 fill the subordinate grades, doing duty ordinarily ranging from that of the executive officer or first lieutenant down to that of assistant watch officers. With the exception of about twenty-five who were transferred from the volunteers into the regular navy at the close of the war, all of these officers are graduates of the United States Naval Academy. They have all gone through not only the severe ordeal of the academic course, but various examinations from time to time to determine their physical and mental fitness to remain in the service.

It is commonly and not unreasonably supposed that, having the men, we have also provided the system of organization and discipline which is of all best calculated to develop in them the qualities which we seek. To doubt this is to question the efficiency of the navy, and to assert that our present course is one eminently adapted to extinguish these qualities is certainly disquieting. Nevertheless, the feeling which now exists among the line officers of the navy ranges from disappointment, dissatisfaction, and even an impression of neglect in the lower grades, to one of apprehension for the future among those whose careers are nearly finished. To quote the language of an officer of nearly thirty years' service, "The present condition of the line of the navy is certainly deplorable, and through no fault of the officers themselves, who have been, and still are, helpless to improve the situation." If this is the case, our progress in naval officers does not appear to have been commensurate with our progress in ships, and something is evidently wrong.

From the senior rear-admiral down to the junior ensign, the line officers of the navy are arranged in one straight series. They have no other permanent organization. A certain number is allowed in each grade by law, and no promotions are made unless there is a vacancy. The graduates of the Naval School take their places at the bottom of the list of ensigns year after year, the members of each class in the order of graduating merit. Their relative positions are thus determined and fixed, and it is never altered except by some accidental circumstance, such as the sentence of a court martial, until they finally retire. The end of the naval officer's career is plainly fixed in advance. Its maximum period is forty-seven years, if he enters the service at fifteen. At the age of sixty-one years, eleven months, and twenty-nine days his barge may dash alongside his flag-ship, and the captain and all the officers will be at the gangway to receive him, and the side will be piped, and the drums will roll, and the marines will present arms, and the guns will roar out their salute, and his twin-starred flag will flaunt bravely from the mizzen, and all the paths of naval glory will seem wide open to him. But after his sixty-second birthday he may come on board from a shore boat, and a cadet will show him around the ship along with the bridal couples from Peoria, and then he can go home and feed the chickens.

The advance of a naval officer through the different grades is due solely to the retirement or resignation of his comrades above him. Individual merit finds no short road to the top. Ability, however conspicuous, must remain in subordinate positions so long as the superior ranks are filled to the numbers fixed by law. As a consequence, many of the ablest men leave the service in search of wider fields of activity; others are content to remain and achieve high reputations in special studies taken up *con amore*, and with practically no hope of material reward in the shape of professional advancement; others hold on sometimes for the purely sentimental reason that they are unwilling to yield up the semi-public place and accompanying social advantages so long worked for in exchange for civilian nonentity, or for the more material consideration that the snug harbor and certain pay of the navy seem safer and surer than to embark in the struggle for existence in the great outer world, especially when one has given "hostages to fortune" in the shape of a proverbially large family. But all are alike human, and all, therefore, are more or less influenced by the knowledge that the admiral's stars will come to him who lives long enough, and behaves himself and does routine, as surely as to him whose brilliant achievements command general admiration. The wonder is that so high an average standard of ability, and such implicit devotion to duty as exists, can obtain under such conditions. But the best work of any man, or any body of men, cannot be had without strong incentive on the one hand, and freedom to compete on the other. Natural selection is a natural law. Our mistake lies in the apparent premise that this in the navy can somehow be controlled by acts of Congress and the Blue Book. Nevertheless, the *personnel* of the navy is not excepted from the general scheme of the universe, and progress therein to higher standards can no more be made consistently with artificial regulation of individual abilities than can great oaks be induced to grow better on trellises than in the freedom of the forest.

The decadence of the whole navy subsequent to the war obscured the evils of the unmodified seniority system. The present rehabilitation is not only forcing them into prominence, but is revealing new difficulties springing from them, which are none the less serious because temporary, and for which there is urgent need of relief. What form such relief should take is doubtful. That is for Congress, which has been singularly apathetic in the matter, to decide. Many plans have been proposed, one of which is strongly advocated by the Secretary of the Navy in his last report. There is, however, no doubt that the thing needed is progress toward a better system or organization. It is not the purpose, therefore, of the present writer to suggest new remedies, but rather to call public attention to the disease and to the urgent need for its cure, as evidence of which it will suffice to state a few typical facts.

There are officers who are still lieutenants who, out of a total service of nearly thirty years, have spent twenty-one years in that grade. There are others holding commissions as ensigns, and as such doing work not beyond the ability of an intelligent boy (and which a few years ago was intrusted to the newest graduates of the Naval School), who have seen as long service as was sufficient, not two decades since, to carry a man to full commander's rank. Conceive of a profession which, after seventeen years of devoted application, pays only from eight to twelve hundred dollars per year, and consigns the practitioner to duty which, relatively speaking, is not equal in responsibility to that of a junior hospital assistant or law clerk. In the upper grades the length of service of the occupants is so closely the same, owing to the graduation of abnormally large classes from Annapolis during and immediately after the war, that the time is rapidly approaching when the admiral commanding a fleet and the lieutenant who is merely a mate on one of the gunboats may be able to exchange reminiscences of joint cadet life. Imagine such a disparity in professional position as this due to nothing but an artificial regulation! Even now there are instances where a difference of nine years in promotion exists between men who entered the navy on practically the same day. One was graduated higher in his class at the Naval School than the other. In other words, what these men did as boys of eighteen is controlling their whole career. Think of a man's eminence in medicine or law or divinity being thus governed by his collegiate course!

The important consequence of the anomalous conditions now reached is that before long it will become impossible for an officer to reach a grade higher than that of lieutenant until he is from fifty-five to fifty-seven years old. (We already have lieutenants of forty-five.) This means that out of the possible forty-seven years, from fifteen to sixty-two, over which the officer's entire career may extend, forty-two years will be spent in subordinate positions which do not involve responsible command. For thirty-six years after he leaves Annapolis, diploma in hand, he planks the deck through the watches of the night, sees the paint scrubbed and the deck washed in the early morn, and tastes the soup at noon. The height of his responsibility at sea is to keep the ship to her course for four hours at a time and to drill his gun division. The "divine desire to command," which formerly found vent in stentorian shouts of "Lay aft to the braces," or "Aloft, and loose the royals," is mainly restricted in our sailless ships to casual remarks to the helmsman or jerks on the engine-room bell. He makes his three years' cruise to China or Madagascar or Nova Zembla or Gardiners Bay with entire equanimity, settling his family somewhere where education is reasonable and rents low, and handing over to its support three-quarters of the $2600 which is his maximum pay. The rest he must have for his mess bill and his numerous uniforms and other personal expenses; for Uncle Sam allows him nothing aboard ship but a place to sleep and some crockery. The cruise over, he goes to a navy-yard "on shore duty," and does miscellaneous clerical work. His pay is now reduced $200 per year, probably in consideration of his being permitted to spend his evenings with his family. If, like other people, he gets tired and wants vacation, or "leave," the government will sell him a moderate amount of it at a further cost of $200 per year. He never knows when a cheese-paring Congress will endeavor to reduce his pay; as witness the existing effort to make sea duty of the hardest sort on training-ships not "sea duty," and hence to be paid for at the reduced "shore duty" rate—a shining example of misdirected economy. And this from the nation which pays a hundred and eighty million dollars yearly to its defenders in the last war, by way of encouragement to its defenders in the next! Perhaps it is his misfortune that the naval officer takes very little interest in politics, and, as a rule, cannot get home to vote.

Then he starts on another cruise, and the home perhaps made during the "shore duty" and "leave" periods is broken up, and his family once more resumes a Bedouin existence. And so on, decade after decade. His boy is born, and grows up and enters the Naval School and graduates, and in course of time Lieutenant Jones, Jun., and Lieutenant Jones, Sen., may stand watches in the same ship. And perhaps Lieutenant Smith, who has married pretty Polly Jones, will join, and there will be quite a family party in the wardroom to pore over the *Naval Register* together, and to construct time-tables thereon showing where each ought to be at given periods of his future existence, and with solemn glee to mark off the names of superiors who have resigned, retired, or joined the majority.

At last Lieutenant Jones gets so near the top of the list that he begins to wear his best coat, with the familiar old two stripes on the sleeve, every day. Suddenly the captain sends for him; somebody has unexpectedly resigned. A parchment document covered with indifferent engraving and a big blue seal is pressed into one hand, while the other is cordially shaken; and that night the wardroom mess bankrupts itself with the wine-caterer in exchange for "that stuff we got at Toulon." Before the golden sheen of the new stripe is dim, along comes another commission, and Mrs. Commander Jones refuses hereafter to make first calls on the better halves of long-suffering lieutenants. Another, and he is a full captain. A new cruiser is fitting out; he applies for orders to her, and is denied. Note the reason. "It is impossible," says the department, "to order captains to sea for an ordinary cruise, because there is hardly a captain on the list who has the length of a cruise to serve before promotion to the rank of commodore." So the new ship sails away without him: but the receiving-ship at one of the navy-yards soon after hoists his swallow-tail flag, and Commodore Jones commands the station until the flag-ship of the North Atlantic squadron comes in, and by that time the President has once more reposed "special trust and confidence in the patriotism, valor, fidelity," etc., of Jones, and the swallow-tail flag comes down from the receiving-ship, and the square blue flag goes up on the cruiser, and Admiral Jones leads his fleet proudly up the Sound to Newport, and makes a trip to Bar Harbor and back; and then his sixty-second birthday dawns, and Admiral Smith comes up in the night boat from New York, and relieves him bright and early next morning.

And so in thirty-six years he has risen from a young lieutenant to an old lieutenant; and for the last five years what else has he been but an ancient lieutenant, called other names by courtesy? And even when, in after-years, he puts on his uniform to go to the funeral of some old shipmate, and people call him Admiral Jones, the oak leaves and the stars never seem very familiar to him; he is just as much Lieutenant Jones at heart as ever he was, and in his dreams, at least, he tells the boatswain's mate to "call away the first cutter," or "up mess gear," many and many a time oftener than he directs an imaginary flag captain to change the order of steaming.

But if his Majesty's ships should appear off the harbor of New York? If to the thunder of his Majesty's guns his Majesty's shells should come crashing into the homes of the metropolis? If our sole reliance to stay this horror or to avoid national humiliation lies in that iron-clad monster in the Narrows, with steam up and ready to slip her moorings and go forth a messenger of blood and fire for our protection, do we want dear old Lieutenant, or even Admiral, Jones in her conning-tower? Is he the man to seize the instant when her ram may crush in the side of his Majesty's cruiser, or when the opportune slipping of a torpedo may send his Majesty's battle-ship plunging to the bottom?—timorous, cautious, ancient Jones, who never took in a to'-gallant sail in his life without the "old man" at his elbow to suggest which clew to haul up first! Or do we want a captain who will take his ship into action as Worden took the *Monitor*, and as Farragut led into Mobile; who will fight her as Hull fought the *Constitution*, and Porter the *Essex*, with that happy combination of Yankee shrewdness and Anglo-Saxon grit which has given us, and will hereafter give us, the best sea-fighters on the sea?

Skilled naval commanders cannot be found ready-made after a war comes upon us; nor can naval militias or reserves produce them. Plodding, patient, gray Lieutenant Jones we shall always honor for his long and faithful service, and the warmest place in our hearts—if not in our battles—shall be kept for him. But the system which evolves him has outlived its usefulness. It is stagnating, and not progressing. It not only needs to advance, but its whole plan of promotions and rewards needs more near approximation to those which faithful endeavor brings in other careers.

In brief, it should give us as its final fruit not subordinate but commanding officers; not Lieutenant Jones, but *Captain* Jones, filled with the energy of youth, skilled to the standard of the coming century, and grand with the valor which will handle these great war-ships of ours in a way that will make live again the glories of the *Bonhomme Richard* in the English Channel, and of *her* Captain Jones, whom men called "Paul."

PARK BENJAMIN.

THE POLICY IN FAVOR OF PROTECTION IN THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.

Was it right? Was it wrong?

BY OLIVE SCHREINER.

A WOMAN sat at her desk in the corner of a room; behind her burnt a bright fire.

Presently a servant came in and gave her a card.

"Say I am busy and can see no one now. I have to finish this article by two o'clock."

The servant came back. The caller said she would only keep her a moment; it was necessary she should see her.

The woman rose from her desk. "Tell the boy to wait. Ask the lady to come in."

A young woman in a silk dress, with a cloak reaching to her feet, entered. She was tall and slight, with fair hair.

"I knew you would not mind. I wished to see you so!"

The woman offered her a seat by the fire. "May I loosen your cloak? The room is warm."

"I wanted so to come and see you. You are the only person in the world who could help me! I know you are so large, and generous, and kind to other women!" She sat down. Tears stood in her large blue eyes; she was pulling off her little gloves unconsciously.

"You know Mr. ——" (she mentioned the name of a well-known writer). "I know you meet him often in your work. I want you to do something for me!"

The woman on the hearth-rug looked down at her.

"I couldn't tell my father or my mother, or any one else; but I can tell you, though I know so little of you. You know, last summer he came and staid with us a month. I saw a great deal of him. I don't know if he liked me; I know he liked my singing, and we rode together. I liked him more than any man I have ever seen. Oh, you know it isn't true that a woman can only like a man when he likes her; and I thought perhaps he liked me a little. Since we have been in town we have asked, but he has never come to see us. Perhaps people have been saying something to him about me. You know him; you are always meeting him. Couldn't you say or do anything for me?" She looked up with her lips white and drawn. "I feel sometimes as if I were going mad! Oh, it is so terrible to be a woman!" The woman looked down at her. "Now I hear he likes another woman. I don't know who she is, but they say she is very clever, and writes. Oh, it is so terrible, I can't bear it."

The woman leaned her elbow against the mantel-piece and her face against her hand. She looked down into the fire. Then she turned and looked at the younger woman. "Yes," she said, "it is a very terrible thing to be a woman." She was silent. She said, with some difficulty: "Are you sure you love him? Are you sure it is not only the feeling a young girl has for an older man who is celebrated, and of whom every one is talking?"

"I have been nearly mad. I haven't slept for weeks." She knit her little hands together, till the pearl rings almost cut into the fingers. "He is everything to me; there is nothing else in the world. You, who are so great and strong and clever, and who care only for your work, and for men as your friends, you cannot understand what it is when one person is everything to you, when there is nothing else in the world."

"And what do you want me to do?"

"Oh, I don't know!" She looked up. "A woman knows what she can do. Don't tell him that I love him." She looked up again. "Just say something to him. Oh, it's so terrible to be a woman; I can't do anything. You won't tell him exactly that I love him? That's the thing that makes a man hate a woman, if you tell it him plainly."

"If I speak to him I must speak openly. He is my friend. I cannot fence with him. I have never fenced with him in my own affairs." She moved as though she were going away from the fireplace; then she turned and said: "Have you ever thought of what love is between a man and a woman when it means marriage? That long, long life together, day after day, stripped of all romance and distance, living face to face, seeing each other as a man sees his own soul? Do you realize that the end of marriage is to make the man and woman stronger than they were, and that if you cannot, when you are an old man and woman and sit by the fire, say, 'Life has been a braver and a freer thing for us because we passed it hand in hand than if we had passed through it alone,' it has failed? Do you care for him enough to live for him, not to-morrow, but when he is an old faded man and you an old faded woman? Can you forgive him his sins and his weaknesses when they hurt you most? If he were to lie a querulous invalid for twenty years, would you be able to fold him in your arms all that time and comfort him as a mother comforts her little child?" The woman drew her breath heavily.

"Oh, I love him absolutely! I would be glad to die, if only I could once know that he loved me better than anything in the world!"

The woman stood looking down at her. "Have you never thought of that other woman—whether *she* could not perhaps make his life as perfect as you?" she asked slowly.

"Oh, no woman ever could be to him what I would be. I would live for him. He belongs to me." She bent herself forward, not crying, but her shoulders moving. "It is such a terrible thing to be a woman, to be able to do nothing and say nothing!"

The woman put her hand on her shoulder; the younger woman looked up into her face; then the elder turned away and stood looking into the fire; there was such quiet you could hear the clock tick above the writing-table.

The woman said: "There is only one thing I can do for you. I do not know if it will be of any use. I will do it." She turned away.

"Oh, you are so great and good, so beautiful, so different from other women, who are always thinking only of themselves! Thank you so much. I know I can trust you. I couldn't have told my mother, or any one, but you."

"Now you must go: I have my work to finish."

The younger woman put her arms round her. "Oh, you are so good, and beautiful!"

The silk dress and the fur cloak rustled out of the room.

The woman who was left alone walked up and down, at last faster and faster, till the drops stood on her forehead. After a time she went up to the table; there was written illegibly in a man's hand on a fragment of manuscript paper, "*Can I come to see you this afternoon?*" Near it was a closed and addressed envelope. She opened it. In it were written the words, "*Yes, please, come.*"

She tore it across, and wrote the words, "*No; I shall not be at liberty.*"

She closed them in an envelope and addressed them. Then she rolled up the manuscript on the table, and rang the bell. She gave it to the servant. "Tell the boy to give this to his master, and say the article ends rather abruptly; they must state it is to be continued; I will finish it to-morrow. As he passes number twenty, let him leave this note there."

The servant went out. She walked up and down the room with her hands folded above her head.

Two months after, the elder woman stood before the fire. The door opened suddenly, and the younger woman came in.

"I had to come; I couldn't wait. You have heard he was married this morning? Oh, do you think it is true? Do help me." She put out her hands.

"Sit down. Yes, it is quite true."

"Oh, it is so terrible; and I didn't know anything. Did you ever say anything to him?" She caught the woman's hands.

"I never saw him again after the day you were here .... so I could not speak to him .... but I did what I could." She stood looking passively into the fire.

"And they say she is quite a child. Only eighteen. They say he only saw her three times before he proposed to her. Do you think it is true?"

"Yes, it is quite true."

"He can't love her. They say he's only marrying her for her rank and her money—"

The woman turned quickly. "What right have you to say that? No one except me knows him. What need has he of any one's rank or wealth? He is greater than them all. Older women may have failed him; he has needed to turn to her beautiful fresh young life to compensate him. She is a woman whom any man might have loved, so young and beautiful; her family are famed for their intellect. If he trains her she may make him a better wife than any other woman could have done."

"Oh, but I can't bear it, I can't bear it." The younger woman sat down on the chair. "She will be his wife, and have his children."

"Yes, that is hard." The elder woman moved quickly. "One wants to have the child, and lay it in one's breast, and feed it." She moved quickly. "It would not matter if another woman bore it, if one had it to take care of." She moved restlessly.

"Oh no; I couldn't bear it to be hers. When I think of her I feel as if I were dying. All my fingers turn cold: I feel dead. Oh, you were only his friend; you don't know."

The elder spoke softly and quickly. "Don't you feel a little gentle to her when you think she's going to be his wife and the mother of his children? I would like to put my arms round her and touch her once, if she would let me. She is so beautiful, they say."

"Oh, I could never bear to see her; it would kill me. And they are so happy together to-day! He is loving her so!"

"Don't you want him to be happy?" The elder woman looked down at her. "Have you *never* loved him at all?"

The younger woman's face was covered with her hands. "Oh, it's so terrible, so dark! And I shall go on living year after year always in this awful pain. Oh, if I could only die!"

The older woman stood looking into the fire, then slowly and measuredly she said: "There are times in life when everything seems dark, when the brain reels, and we cannot see that there is anything but death. But if we wait long enough, after long, long years, calm comes. It may be we cannot say it was well, but we are contented, we accept the past. The struggle is ended. That day may come for you, perhaps sooner than you think." She spoke slowly and with difficulty.

"Oh no, it can never come for me. If once I have loved a thing, I love it forever. I can never forget."

"Love is not the only end in life. There are other things to live for."

"Oh yes, for you! To me love is everything."

"Now you must go, dear."

The younger woman stood up. "It has been such a comfort to talk to you. I think I should have killed myself if I had not come. You help me so. I shall always be grateful to you."

The older woman took her hand. "I want to ask something of you."

"What is it?"

"I cannot quite explain to you. You will not understand. But there are times when something more terrible can come into a life than that it should lose what it loves. If you have had a dream of what life ought to be, and you try to make it real, and you fail, and something you have killed out in your heart for long years wakes up and cries, 'Let each man play his own game, and care nothing for the hand of his fellow. Each man for himself. *So* the game must be played!' and you doubt all you have lived for, and the ground seems washing out under your feet—" She paused. "Such a time has come to me now— If you would promise me that if ever another woman comes to seek your help you will give it her, and try to love a woman even while she is standing in your light, it will help me. I think I would be able to keep my faith."

"Oh, I will do anything you ask me to. You are so good and great."

"Oh, good and great—if you knew. Now go, dear."

"I have not kept you from your work, have I?"

"No; I have not been working lately. Good-by, dear."

The younger woman went, and the elder knelt down by the chair and wailed like a child when you have struck it and it does not dare to cry aloud.

A year after, it was early spring again.

The woman sat at her desk writing; behind her the fire burnt brightly. She was writing a leading article on the causes which in different peoples lead to the adoption of Free Trade or Protection principles.

The woman wrote on quickly. After a while the servant entered and laid a pile of letters on the table. "Tell the boy I shall have done in fifteen minutes." She wrote on. Then she caught sight of the writing on one of the letters. She put down her pen and opened it. It ran so:

"DEAR FRIEND,—I am writing to you because I know you will rejoice to hear of my great happiness. Do you remember how you told me that day by the fire to *wait*, and after long, long years I should see that all was for the best? That time has come sooner than we hoped. Last week, in Rome, I was married to the best, noblest, most large-hearted of men. We are now in Florence together. You don't know how beautiful all life is to me. I know now that that old passion was only a girl's foolish dream. My husband is the first man I have ever truly loved. He loves me and understands me as no other man ever could. I am thankful that my dream was broken; God had better things in store for me. I don't hate that woman any more; I love every one! How are you, dear? We shall come and see you as soon as we arrive in England. I always think of you so happy in your great work and helping other people. I don't think *now* it is terrible to be a woman; it is lovely.

"I hope you are enjoying this beautiful spring weather.

"Yours always full of gratitude and love,

"E——."

The woman read the letter; then she stood up and walked towards the fire. She did not re-read it, but stood with it open in her hand, looking down into the blaze. Her lips were drawn in at the corners. Presently she tore the letter up slowly, and watched the bits floating down one by one into the grate. Then she went back to her desk, and began to write with her mouth still drawn in at the corners. After a while she laid her arm on the paper and her head on her arm, and seemed to go to sleep there.

Presently the servant knocked; the boy was waiting. "Tell him to wait ten minutes more." She took up her pen: "The Policy of the Australian Colonies in favor of Protection is easily understood"—she waited—"when one considers the fact—the fact—" Then she finished the article.

MRS. WHITELAW REID.

AT the present moment Mrs. Whitelaw Reid is invested with an interest which appertains to but few of her countrywomen. In her existing station her qualities and opportunities make it evident that she will continue to be an attractive and influential figure in our American life. In the event of her residence at Washington as the wife of the Vice-President, the conditions are such that the capital will have none to choose before her as an active leader in all that makes society brilliant and distinguished.

Mrs. Reid, formerly Miss Elisabeth Mills, was born in the city of New York, January 6, 1858, and her early life was divided between the residence of her grandfather, Mr. James Cunningham, at Irvington on the Hudson, and those of her father, Mr. D. O. Mills, in Sacramento, California, and at his country place, "Millbrae," seventeen miles south of San Francisco. Her grandfather, Mr. Cunningham, was a well-known ship-owner and ship-builder of that day. At the time of her birth he had largely retired from business, but was still the owner of many vessels, one of them being the famous steamboat *The Senator*, which was the first of its kind sent around the Horn to navigate the Sacramento River after the discovery of gold.

Miss Mills's early training was intrusted to governesses in the family. When she finally was sent to school, it was in company with her orphan cousin, the daughter of her father's only sister, Mrs. Easton. This cousin subsequently became the wife of Colonel Charles F. Crocker, the first Vice-President of the Central and Southern Pacific railways. For a time Miss Mills was placed in the school of Mlle. Vallette, in Paris. She afterwards completed the course of study in Miss Brackett's school in New York, where she was a favorite pupil of that earnest and distinguished teacher.

Her father, Mr. D. O. Mills, became a banker before he was twenty years old, being a partner and one-third owner in the private bank conducted by his cousin, Mr. G. J. Townsend, of Buffalo. He had gone to California on the news of the discovery of gold in 1849, where he established what was known then as the Gold Bank of D. O. Mills & Company in Sacramento, an institution which, under the same ownership and with the slightly changed name of the National Bank of D. O. Mills & Company, continues to this day the largest bank in Sacramento, and the oldest bank which has always maintained full credit in the State of California. After this achievement Mr. Mills had organized the Bank of California in San Francisco, had made it a notable success, and then retired from it; but he returned when calamities befell the bank under his successor, and succeeded in restoring it to more than its former credit and prosperity. He then withdrew from business, devoting himself to the care of his great and increasing estate, and in 1879 removed his residence to his native State of New York.

Miss Mills, when not at school or with her grandfather at his country place at Irvington, was with her parents, first in Sacramento, and afterwards at Millbrae. The latter was then the finest and most extensive country place on the Pacific coast. It comprised the old Burro-Burro ranch of 6000 acres. The house was surrounded by spacious ornamental grounds, largely planted with semi-tropical trees and shrubs, many of them imported from the Sandwich Islands, China, and Japan. It was filled with works of art, the picture-gallery embracing an unusual number of fine paintings, chiefly by the foremost masters of the modern French school.

Here "the daughter of the house" grew up with that fondness for the country and for a simple and natural life which has always characterized her. She first met her future husband in California, at her father's residence, in 1878. Up to that date it may be that Mr. Reid's successful absorption in his profession in those heroic times had kept him heart-free. Possibly he had vowed, with Benedick, that "till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace." The event has proved that he at last chose one most happily adapted to his own temper and career. He had gained a prominence so enviable that any woman could take pride in sharing his future. He had risen, through sheer ability and work, to be the chief of the powerful and historic *Tribune;* he had a competence, a good presence, strong allies, and was in his prime. To friends on either side the alliance seemed auspicious, and it may now be pleasantly cited in support of our modern doctrine of "reciprocity." The two were married in New York in April, 1881, and, after a brief visit to the husband's old home in Ohio, went immediately abroad, spending the next nine or ten months in Europe, and a large part of the time in London and Paris.

After the engagement was announced, but before the marriage, the Berlin mission, which had been previously tendered to Mr. Reid by President Hayes, was again offered by President Garfield, and Miss Mills was asked whether or not she would go abroad as wife of the American Minister to Germany. She preferred the liberty of private life, and the mission was for the second time declined. Ten years later, after some hesitation, she returned to Europe at the head of the American Minister's home in Paris.

She has had three children, two of whom survive—Ogden Mills Reid, now in his eleventh year, and Jean Templeton Reid, now in her ninth year. The children have been thus far trained entirely at home. They are well advanced in the ordinary studies, and have a fair speaking knowledge of English, French, and German. They have also had pretty thorough training for their age in gymnastics and horseback riding. But if anything more is said here of these young thoroughbreds, they doubtless will not be permitted to read this sketch of their mother.

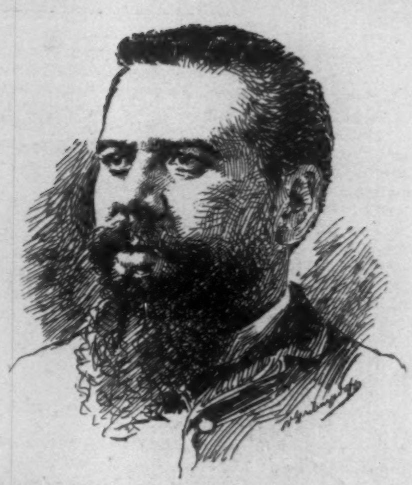
Mrs. Reid's social tact has been evident since her first assumption of duties as the mistress of her husband's home, notably in the bounteous régime of their house on Madison Hill and the more conspicuous hospitalities of diplomatic life at Paris. At Ophir Farm, the resources of which are those of the greatest country-seats, her grace and ability are finely brought into play. Mrs. Reid's studious mind is well disciplined, and to her intuitive taste is added the rare good judgment which her father possesses so eminently. It is not strange that she and her household have so absolute a hold upon his heart.

THE CIVIL WAR IN VENEZUELA.

A SOUTH AMERICAN republic is always in one of three conditions—she is either in the throes of a civil war, reconstructing order out of the chaos of revolution, or preparing for some new domestic turmoil. This has been the case to a very great extent ever since the various republics rebelled from Old World authority and became independent states. Some, to be sure, have been more stable than others, but the degree of difference has not been great. The Spanish American appears to be a natural conspirator against existing authority and any present order of things. We in the United States have become so accustomed to this condition of affairs in the Southern Hemisphere that, were it not for American interests in these various countries, we should not feel called upon to take any interest in the recurring broils except as idle spectators. But the business relations between the United States and the various South American States have been growing year by year more intimate, so that in each port, whether on the Atlantic or the Pacific, there are numbers of American merchants established, and into these ports the American flag is sometimes taken on merchant-ships. These interests, whether great or small, need to be protected at those times when law and order are abrogated and the countries are given over to mob-rule or the despotic sway of a dictator. Among these republics Venezuela has had her full share of revolutions.

When the present trouble in Venezuela broke out there were no American men-of-war in Venezuelan waters, and it therefore appeared an easy thing for the dictator then in power to do what he chose with the property of Americans, and to hinder the entrance and departure of American vessels. Such discrimination was prevented by the German and French men-of-war, and now Admiral Walker, of the North Atlantic squadron, is on his way with three war-ships to see that no further encroachment on American rights is attempted. These boats are the *Chicago*, the *Concord*, and the *Kearsarge*. The two former are among the finest and most representative ships of the White Squadron, and their mere presence in the waters about Caracas will have a quieting and impressive effect. There will, after their arrival, be no further need of appealing to the French and British consuls, and through them to their men-of-war. What the orders given their commanders and to Admiral Walker may be, is not yet known.

As to the merits of the conflict now in progress in Venezuela, it may be said that it is somewhat similar to the Balmaceda incident in Chile, *i. e.*, a fight between the Executive and Congressional powers. But this conflict appears to be much more sordid than that in Chile, and the issue which first brought it about has been to a great extent lost sight of in the greed of the men who at various times have been in power to make themselves rich by levying forced taxes upon all the people within their control. Mendoza, who declared himself Dictator, appears to have done little else during the tenure of his assumed office than to collect $200,000 in this way. When he had this money securely within his possession he fled the country. Of such sordid metal does it appear that these Venezuelan patriots are made.



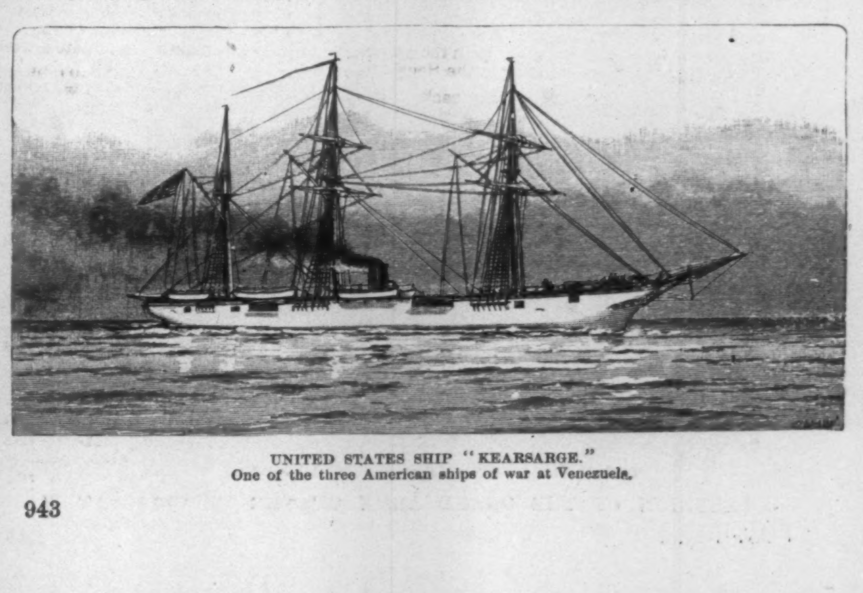
GENERAL JOAQUIN CRESPO, COMMANDING THE REVOLUTIONARY ARMY.

There has been another aspect of this civil conflict fought in the courts of the United States in New York. The Minister from Venezuela lodged a complaint with the United States authorities that the *South Portland*, an American steamer, was loaded with arms and ammunition, and bound for Venezuela to help the side making war on the party from which he was accredited. He therefore libelled the *South Portland*, and sought to prevent her from getting clearance papers. The case was heard by a United States Commissioner, but it did not appear to him that the Venezuelan Minister had made out a case sufficiently clear to justify him in withholding from the *South Portland* her papers. The ship has therefore sailed. The Minister, anticipating this, had bought a faster ship than the *South Portland*, with the idea of chasing her and overtaking the ship before she arrived in South American waters. The name of the fleet boat that was to be sent on this service had not been announced when this paper went to press, nor had she sailed. If she does sail in pursuit it will be a somewhat similar race to that of the *Charleston* after the *Itata* in the Chilian trouble. The hesitation about starting the ship purchased by the Venezuelan Minister is due, according to that gentleman's statement, to assurances from his President that the Venezuelan gunboats are so placed that the *South Portland* will not be able to land and deliver her cargo to the party for which it is intended, but will inevitably fall into the hands of these watching boats. In case of the capture of the *South Portland*, and in case the Venezuelan Minister is mistaken as to the nature of the ship's cargo, an interesting element will be added to the complications now existing.

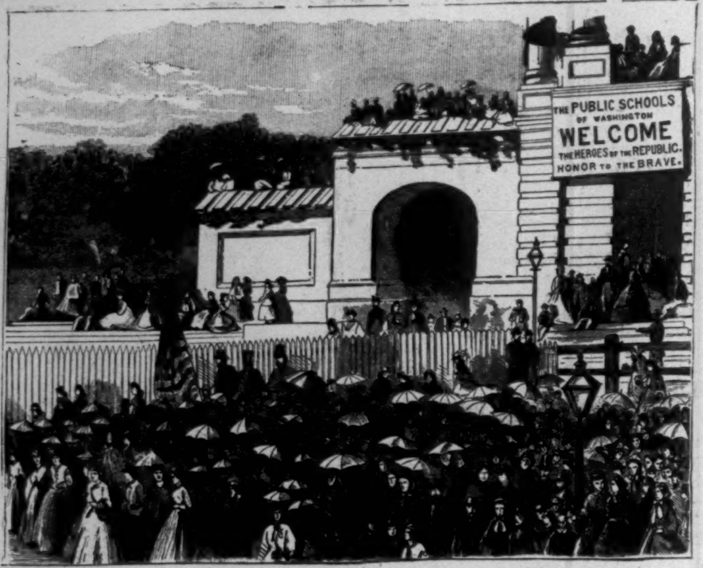
Venezuela has a population of about 2,500,000, and its imports are about $3,000,000 annually, while it exports something like $4,000,000. Its chief cities are Valencia and Caracas, while the chief port is La Guayra, where the incident as to the American ship occurred. It is to this port that Admiral Walker is bound. The coast of Venezuela was the first part of the American mainland sighted by Columbus, who during his third voyage, in 1498, entered the Gulf of Paria, and sailed along the coast of the delta of the Orinoco. In 1550 the district was erected into the Captain-Generalcy of Caracas. It remained under Spanish rule until Bolivar, the liberator, a native of Caracas, raised a revolt in 1810, and succeeded, after years of fighting, in throwing off the Spanish yoke. This revolution was in conjunction with other South American states. The power of Spain was broken in 1821, but it was not till 1845 that Spain recognized the independence of these states. Before this Venezuela had declared her independence of the Confederated States, and for several years, say from 1830 to 1846, she enjoyed comparative peace. In the latter year civil disturbances began, and these lasted, with short periods of rest, to 1870. Negro slaves were introduced into Venezuela very early in its history, but during one of the revolutions, that of 1854, the emancipation of the slaves took place. In December, 1870, Don Guzman Blanco was declared Provisional President, and so acted till 1873, when he was elected the constitutional President. It was owing to Blanco's ability and energy that Venezuela now enjoyed years of peace and prosperity. The constitution of the republic is modelled after that of the United States.

Mr. W. Nephew King, Jun., recently writing from the Dutch town of Curaçoa, has said of this revolution:

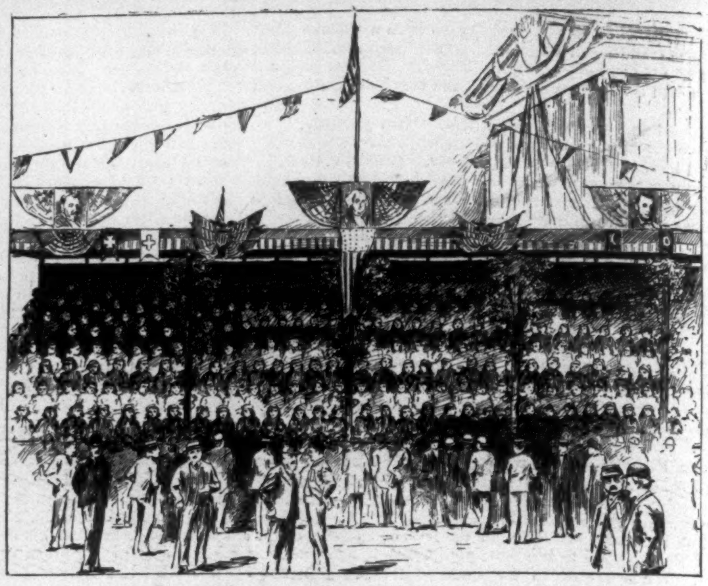
> "It seems that there has been more fighting for spoils than fighting for glory, and each general, as soon as he collects a few men around him, starts off on a little revolutionary excursion of his own, enforcing loans from inoffensive merchants, and then running away and leaving his army in the field, while he enjoys the fruits of his rapine and plunder.
>
> "And the little Dutch island of Curaçoa, with its quaint houses and immaculate streets, furnishes a quiet sanctuary from the noise and tumult of war-ridden Venezuela.
>
> "One by one the leaders of both parties, becoming sickened at the daily scenes of bloodshed, have taken their families and sailed across the Caribbean Sea to make a new home in Curaçoa. And the elements that meet there are almost weird in their contrast. Oil and water, sunlight and Stygian darkness, snow and fire, are not more dissimilar than the hot-blooded impulsive Spanish American, and the quiet, plodding, peace-loving descendant of old Holland. For centuries the latter people have lived in the very heart of revolution and chaos, and still are changed but a tithe since the days of Van Tromp. 'It's an ill wind that blows nobody good,' however, and the revolutionary troubles that have almost paralyzed the commerce of Venezuela have sent a thriving trade to its island neighbor."



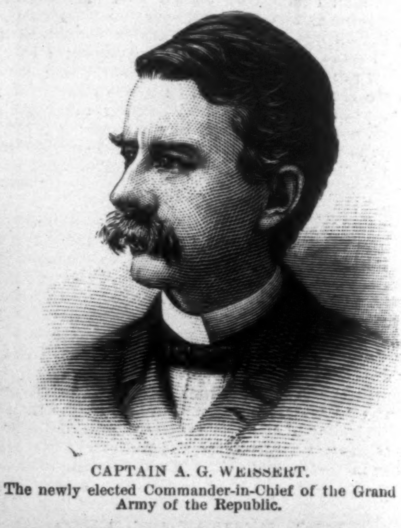
UNITED STATES SHIP "KEARSARGE."
One of the three American ships of war at Venezuela.


THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS
OF WASHINGTON
WELCOME
THE HEROES OF THE REPUBLIC.
HONOR TO THE BRAVE.

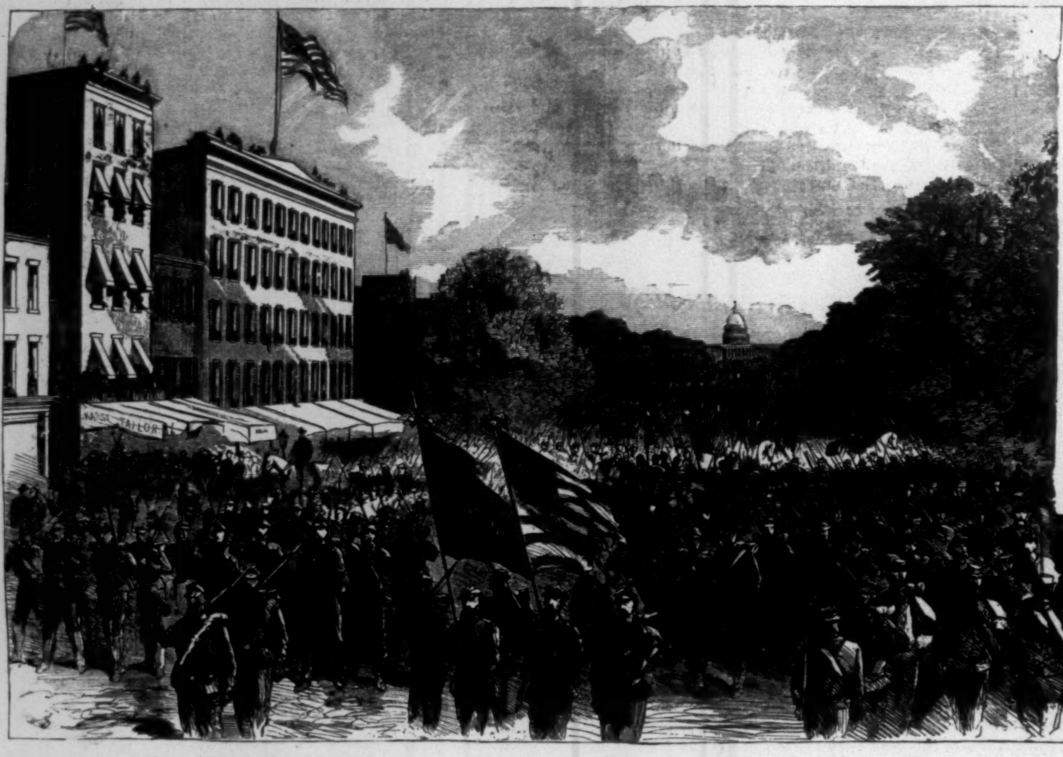
MAY 24, 1865—SCHOOL-CHILDREN GREETING THE SOLDIERS FROM THE STEPS OF THE CAPITOL.—[From Harper's Weekly, June 16, 1865.]



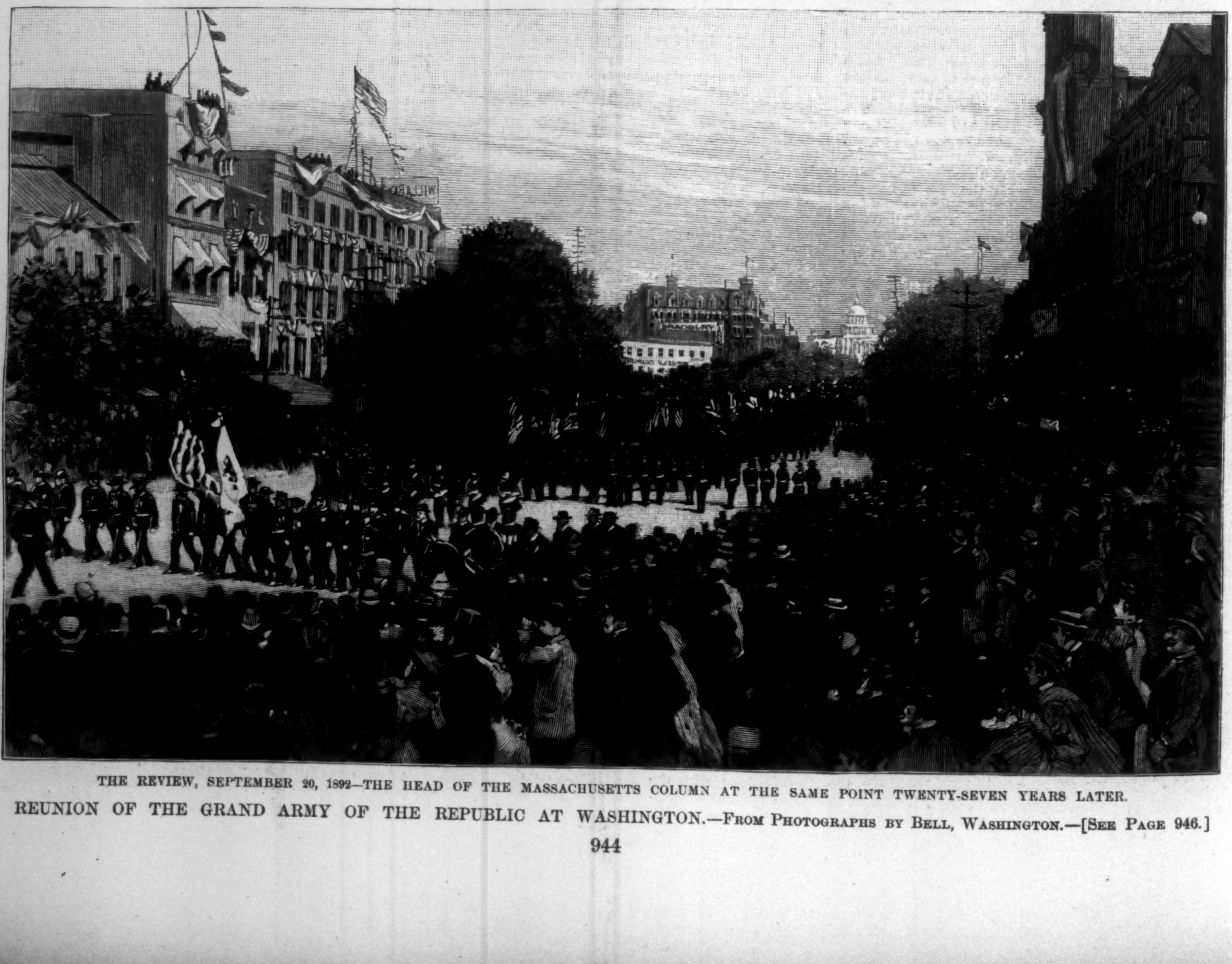
SEPTEMBER 20, 1892—SCHOOL-CHILDREN GREETING THE VETERANS PASSING THE TREASURY BUILDING.



CAPTAIN A. G. WEISSERT.
The newly elected Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

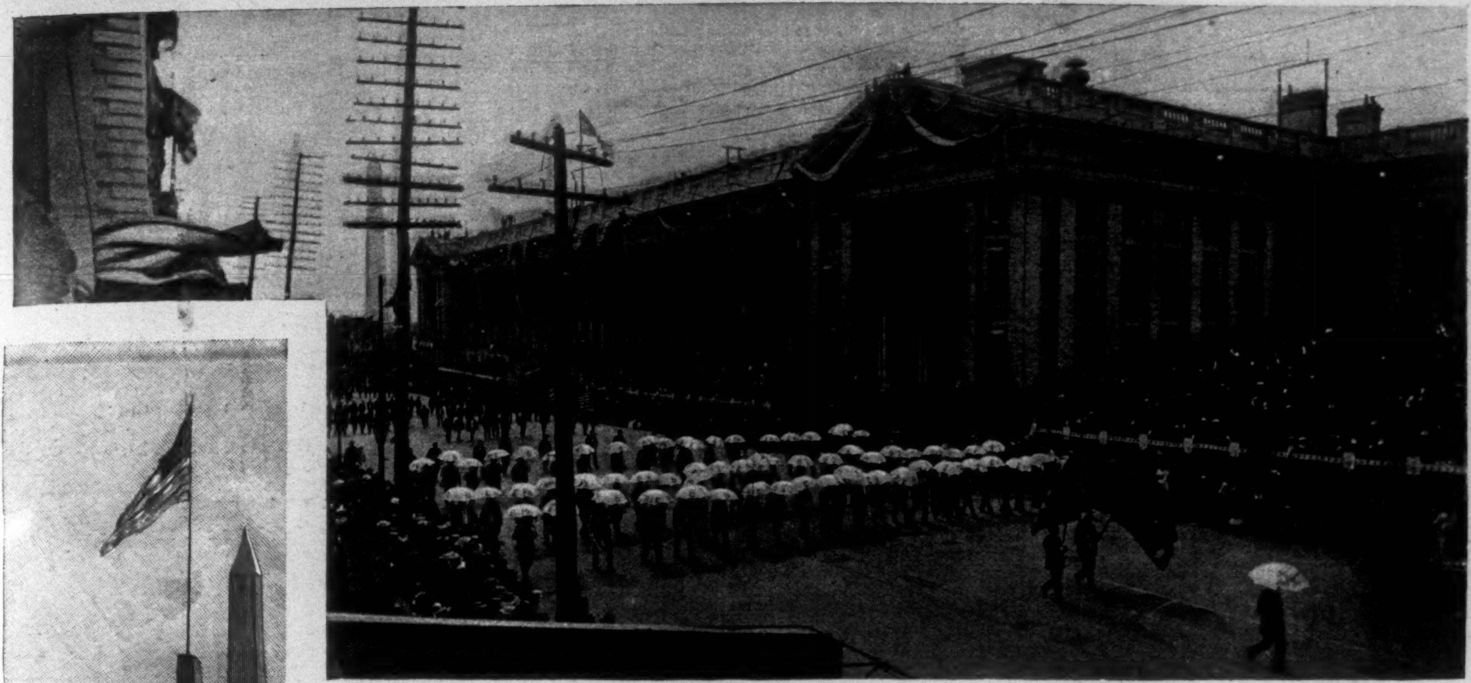


THE REVIEW AT WASHINGTON, MAY 24, 1865—GENERAL SHERMAN'S VETERANS PASSING WILLARD'S HOTEL ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.
[From Harper's Weekly, June 10, 1865.]

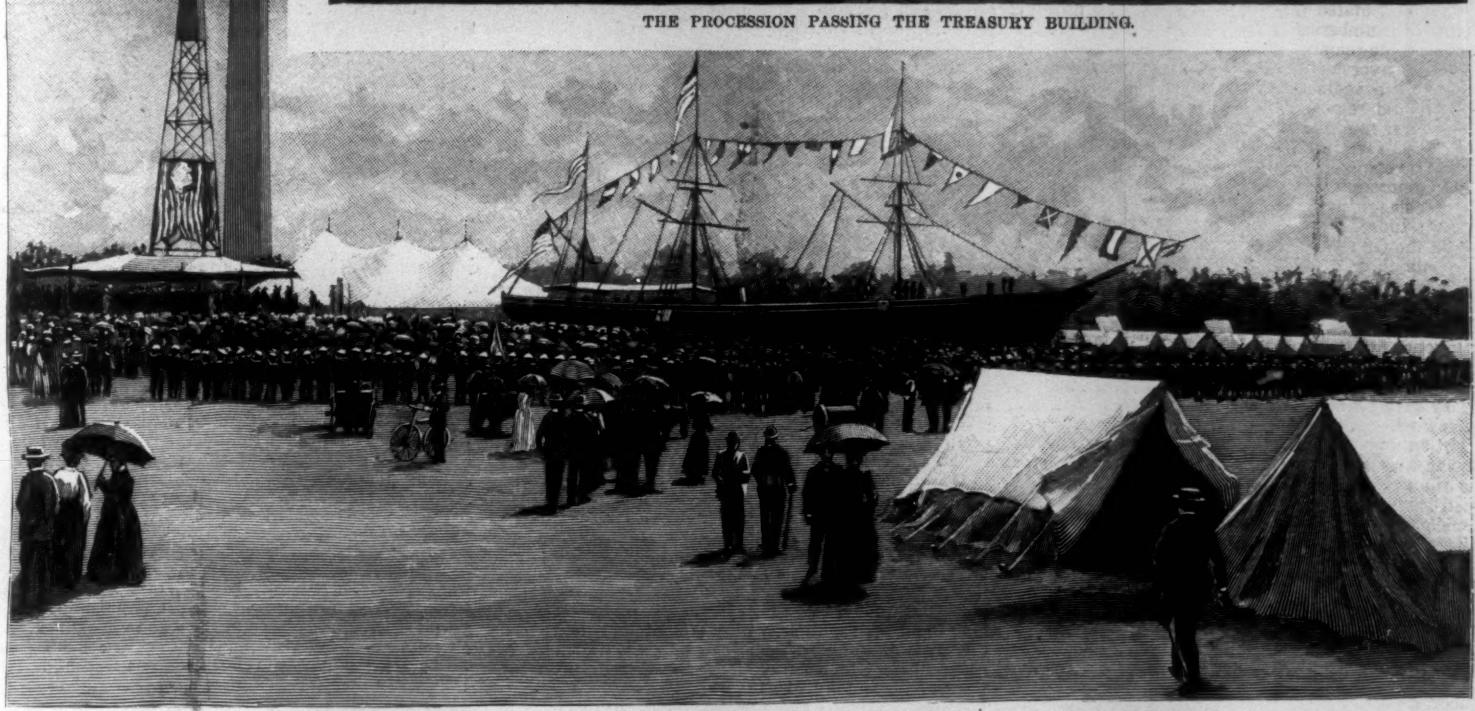


THE REVIEW, SEPTEMBER 20, 1892—THE HEAD OF THE MASSACHUSETTS COLUMN AT THE SAME POINT TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS LATER.

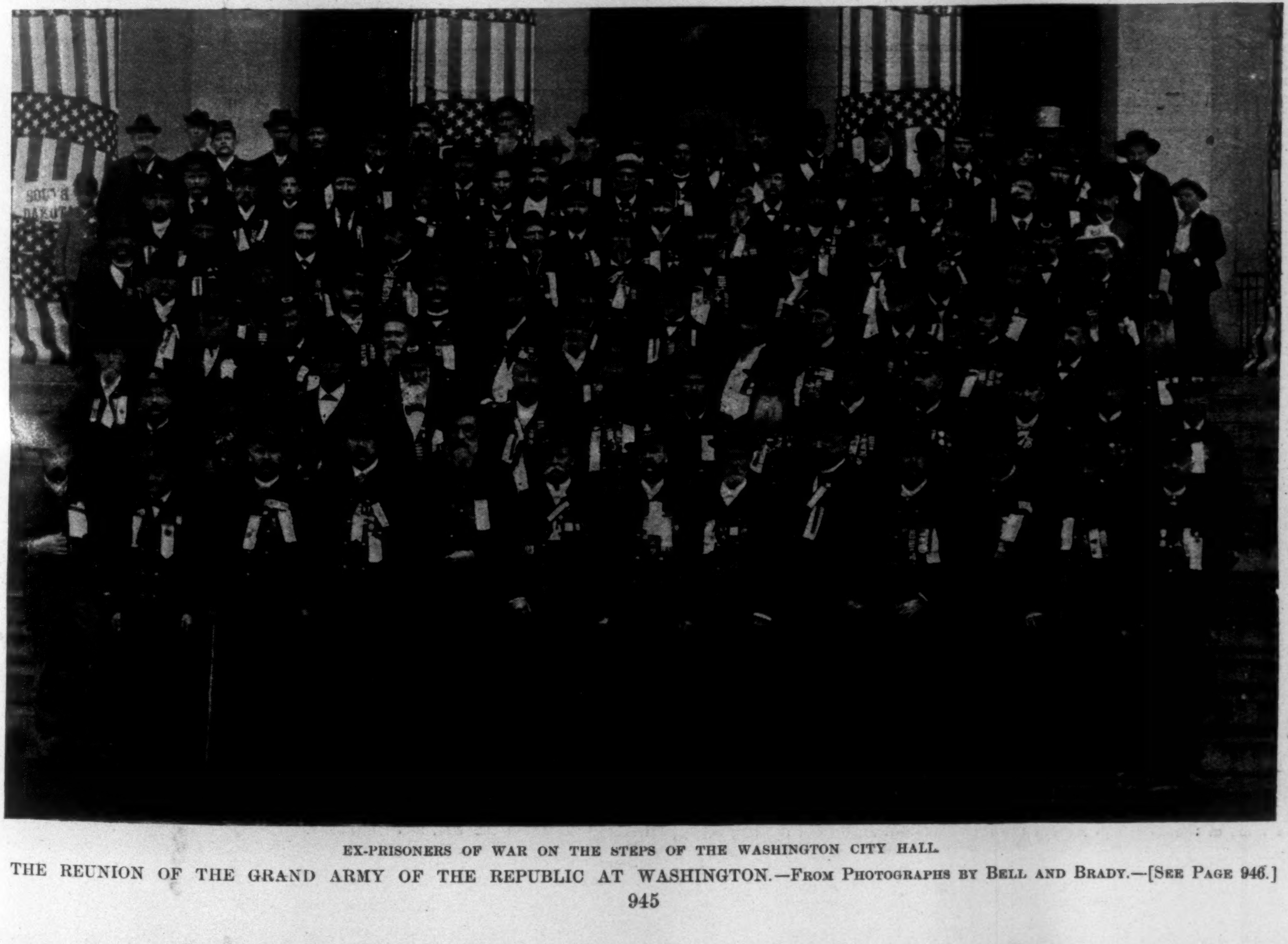
REUNION OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC AT WASHINGTON.—From Photographs by Bell, Washington.—[See Page 946.]



THE PROCESSION PASSING THE TREASURY BUILDING.

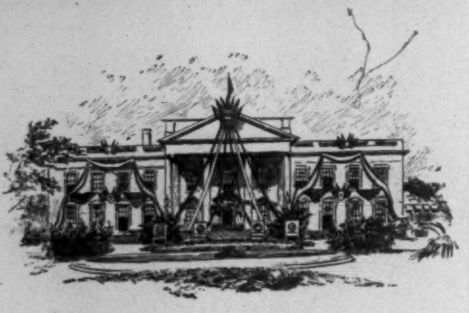


OPENING CEREMONIES OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC—MODEL OF THE "KEARSARGE."



EX-PRISONERS OF WAR ON THE STEPS OF THE WASHINGTON CITY HALL.

THE REUNION OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC AT WASHINGTON.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BELL AND BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 946.]



DECORATIONS ON THE WHITE HOUSE.

THE GRAND ARMY IN WASHINGTON.

BY JNO. GILMER SPEED.

It is nearly a generation since the close of the dreadful civil war and the review of the Union troops in Washington. Men born since the 23d of May, 1865, are now occupying responsible places in the country, and filling them with ease and ability. Of the men who sit at one end of Pennsylvania Avenue and assist in framing laws for the country, many were only young children when Meade led the armies of the East and Sherman those of the West past the reviewing stands occupied by President Johnson and his cabinet and by General Grant and his staff. Those two armies, fresh from the victories which ended in the surrender of Lee and the capitulation of Johnston, numbered about 80,000 men each, and each army was some six hours in passing the reviewing stand. Those two armies, large though they were, were but fractions of the numbers in the service at the end of the war. The rest were on duty in various parts of the South and West, and the hospitals contained, as always, legions of men disabled by wounds and disease. Though these 160,000 men who tramped the dusty streets of Washington on those historic days did not comprise all the fighting members of the great Union army, they were a good and great representation of the whole. Considering that in this great parade, when the restoration of the Union was celebrated at the national capital, only 160,000 men of an army numbering 1,100,000 were gathered, it is, to my thinking, quite remarkable that twenty-seven years later 70,000 men, survivors of the veterans of 1865, should gather in Washington to again celebrate the restored union, and that these should represent an army of 406,000. In 1865 only a little over fourteen per cent. of the army was in the parade; in 1892 seventeen per cent. of the Grand Army of the Republic veterans went from their various homes to march and counter-march, and keep step to the tunes that cheered their flagging footsteps in the trying marches from field to field. Indeed, that there should be more than 400,000 men still in the Grand Army of the Republic, to which are admitted only those who saw service in the Union army during the great conflict and were from it honorably discharged, is most remarkable. But those who survived the fatigues of the march and the shock of battle were in the main young men—men less than thirty years old—and over such heads twenty-seven years pass without bowing them. And yet nearly all those who were in high places on that day have passed to the great majority, and the bones of not a few who were conspicuous in the pageant on those two bright spring days now lie beneath the greensward of neighboring Arlington.

When the volunteers who had responded to the President's call for troops had been disbanded at the close of the war, some of the volunteers of Illinois conceived the idea of forming a society of veterans and banding together the defenders of the Union, while at the same time ideas of patriotism should be inculcated. So the Grand Army of the Republic, which now has posts in all the States, was born. These posts are banded into State commanderies and a grand national encampment. Every year all of the posts and commanderies have sent delegates to a national meeting. This is the twenty-sixth of these, and it is the largest and most successful so far held. When, last year, at Detroit, it was decided to hold the next encampment at Washington, Congress appropriated $100,000 to assist the District authorities and people, and the local Grand Army posts, in entertaining the visitors and decorating the capital city. And the decorations were on a scale that Washington, which is covered with bunting every four years, at least, when a new Executive is inducted into office, has not before witnessed. It is questionable, indeed, whether any American city has ever before been decorated so effectively. Pennsylvania Avenue, that wide and spacious thoroughfare that leads from the Capitol to the Treasury Department Building, adapts itself admirably to parades, processions, and pageants. It was for this occasion made gay and gorgeous with bunting from end to end. Interspersed with the gay decorations were incandescent electric lamps, so that the Avenue was really gayer at night than by sunlight. At the foot of the Avenue, and just south of the Treasury Building, was a great Grand Army badge, quite forty feet in diameter. This was suspended high above the street, and when the lights shone forth, their brilliancy effaced the scaffolding that held the monster emblem, so that it seemed to float in the air. Along either side of the Avenue, at regular spaces, were displayed the corps badges of the Union army, and these, too, at night were made brilliant by electric lights. In street processions the electric lamp has never before been used with so much effect. Not only the public but the private electric-light plants were called upon to assist in making the Avenue brilliant. Across all the intersecting streets were strung elaborately designed banners bearing the coats of arms of the different States. Here and there up and down the Avenue were portraits of the famous generals, and in letters that blazed out in a light more brilliant than flame were the names of the battles in which so many years ago these old veterans, then in the flush of youth, had fought for their country, and while saving it had won the enduring gratitude of all their countrymen.

This was the same marching-ground over which passed the victorious armies twenty-seven years before. But how different was all, and yet how much the same. Washington was not the handsome city it has since become. Indeed, it was rather a sorry-looking place. The Capitol was not finished, and Pennsylvania Avenue, not more than half built up, had on it only low and shabby houses that were entirely inappropriate on so grand a thoroughfare. The roadways, never good, had been entirely worn out, and were only dusty holes and gullies. But the warm blood of youth coursed in the veins of the men who formed the marching hosts, and not a man among them all failed to read the motto on the largest banner that floated from the Capitol: "The only debt the Nation cannot pay is that we owe the Union soldiers." It was the same line of march in 1892, but the feet that went over it were no longer young. Nor were those of them who had passed that way twenty-seven years before exactly old, for one of the reports read at this encampment stated as with authority that the majority of those who returned from the war to that grand parade were under twenty-five years old. A man who has seen twenty-five years and twenty-seven more on top of them is no longer in his first youth, but in recalling the promise implied by the motto on the large flag on the Capitol, and in perceiving the warmth of the welcome he received on this visit, the blood in his veins was rejuvenated, for nothing is so pleasant as to realize that those for whom we have labored are grateful for the pains we have spent. And then, again, the old veterans had better roads to march over than those trod by the lusty young veterans who had just returned from the war. Washington has mended its ways and smartened itself up, until it is the worthy capital city of a great country.

What is commonly known in Washington as the White Lot was fitted up as a camp and barracks for the veterans, and called for the time Grand Army Place. This land is in the rear of the Executive Mansion, and stretches to the Potomac. On one corner of it is the famous Washington Monument, that towers above all else in the capital, and marks its site long before less imposing structures come in view. On the White Lot tents for fifteen thousand men were erected, and barracks for twice that many more. In the centre of this improvised city was erected a wooden model of the old war-ship *Kearsarge*, which in 1864 destroyed the Confederate commerce-destroyer *Alabama*. This ship, stanchly built for a hulk that was never to be launched, was as nearly like the old *Kearsarge* as practicable, and during the encampment it was the headquarters for the old sailors and marines. When they hoisted the flag and put the ship into commission, the Vice-President of the United States and the Secretary of the Navy were there to participate in the ceremonies. The encampment was dedicated and opened immediately after the exercises on the *Kearsarge*. The President of the United States had expected to be present and to welcome the veterans on behalf of the government and the people of Washington, but the sad illness of Mrs. Harrison prevented him from fulfilling his engagement. Monday, after the ceremonies on the *Kearsarge*, General Palmer, the Commander of the National Encampment, and the Vice-President and other high dignitaries, went to the stand in Grand Army Place, where there was speech-making. General Palmer addressed his comrades, and read a letter from comrade Benjamin Harrison, expressing his regret that he could not participate in the encampment. Then the Vice-President was introduced, and in graceful and well-chosen words welcomed the veterans to the capital city. His concluding words were these: "And now, my countrymen, on behalf of the whole American people I dedicate this Grand Army Place and the commemorative memorials which it is believed will be hereafter erected upon it to the everlasting glories of the Grand Army of the Republic." This intimation was received with immense applause. In this White Lot there is space enough to build almost any kind of memorial that could be designed. There had of course been a parade before the dedication. That is a way with the Grand Army men; whatever they have in mind to do, they must have a march—a good long walk—before they start in to do it. On this day they marched from the Peace Monument, at the foot of the Capitol, up Pennsylvania Avenue to Seventeenth Street, and then out to the White Lot. In the evening of Monday the ladies had their innings, with a reception in the rotunda of the Capitol. This was conducted by the Women's Relief Corps of the Grand Army of the Republic. In the decorations at the Capitol for this function the electric light was used very generally and with great effect.

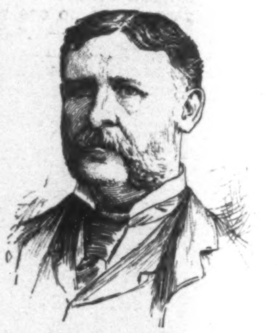
Tuesday, however, was the great marching day. Then did the Grand Army men make their second triumphal march along Pennsylvania Avenue, and around in front of the White House, and on towards Georgetown. Of the 70,000 men in line, Pennsylvania sent 25,000, and New York 12,000. These were the largest bodies from single States. But those farther away were also conspicuous in the line, the Iowans being more so by reason of the corn-stalk each marcher carried, and the Kansans by the sunflowers that the veterans wore in their button-holes. In the procession as a private in the ranks was ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes. On the reviewing stand the same dignitaries before mentioned, headed by the Vice-President of the United States, were assembled. It was remarked by those who saw both parades that in this later one the members of the posts marched with no less precision than the legions that had just returned in 1865 from Virginia and North Carolina. But the port of the men of this year was calm and dignified, while that of those of old had a swagger of the camp about it, and the ranks here and there were enlivened by the foragers and camp-followers, who respectively fed and preyed upon the fighting men. In the evening Pennsylvania Avenue was lighted up as it had never been before, and was gay with many colors.

Tuesday ended the formal part of the encampment, for on Wednesday the delegates met in Albaugh's Opera-house to transact the annual business and to legislate for the body. The general officers made reports as to the work of the year. The most interesting statement in any of the reports was that of the Adjutant-General, who reported that the Grand Army was now at its high-water mark—406,000 members in good standing. He predicted that this number or its neighborhood would be maintained for a few years, and that then it would fall off very rapidly. Of course, before the business meeting began there was a parade of the Union veterans. Then there were presentations of one kind and another, as has been usual at all of these general meetings. The business meeting was continued on Thursday, and on this day the new Grand Commander was elected. This is a post of high honor, and is very much sought. When General John Palmer, of Albany, New York, was chosen at Detroit last year it was thought certain that his successor at the end of the term would be Colonel Lincoln, of Washington. But it was apparent before nominations were in order that General A. G. Weissert had a great majority in his favor. So Colonel Lincoln, in a neat speech, declined to be a candidate, and General Weissert was practically nominated by acclamation.

General Weissert, who was born in Canton, Ohio, in 1844, was one of the boy soldiers, as he was only seventeen when the conflict began, and twenty-one when it ended. He was graduated from Michigan University, and at once enlisted in the Eighth Wisconsin Regiment. This was the regiment that carried the live eagle (Old Abe) throughout the war, and which now at Grand Army and regimental meetings carries the stuffed bird as its chosen emblem. At the battle of Nashville young Weissert was wounded in the knee, and the ball is in his leg to this day. In 1864 he was commissioned a captain for gallant conduct on the field of battle. At the close of the war he was appointed a cadet to West Point Academy, but on account of his wound could not pass the physical examination. He joined the Grand Army in 1866, and has occupied every position from officer of the day to department commander. Colonel R. H. Warfield, of San Francisco, who was elected Senior Vice-Commander, enlisted as a private in the Fiftieth Regiment, New York Volunteers. This was the Engineer Regiment. He was promoted to second and first lieutenancies in 1864.

The festivities ended by a reception in the court of the Pension Building, which makes an admirable assembly-place. Many of the comrades had already gone home, but this was, nevertheless, largely attended, and was counted a great success. Indeed, it may be said with entire truth that this, the largest of all the encampments, was a success in every particular, and marred by very few and slight mishaps. The old veterans renewed their youth in the various marches, and around the camp fires freshened their memories of the great deeds that made them worthy the name of the Grand Army of the Republic.

PERSONAL.



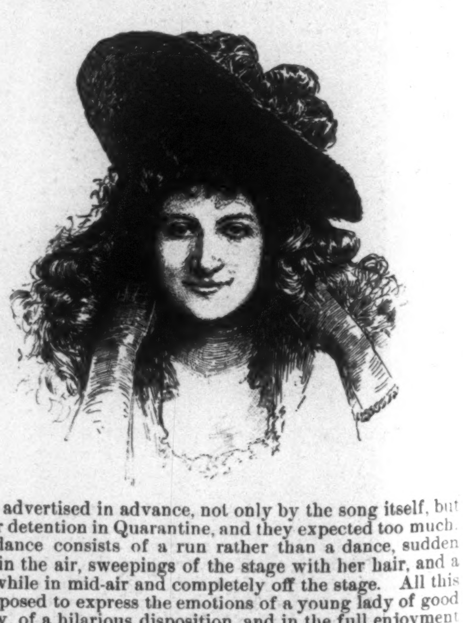
THE HON. RUFUS B. COWING, who has been for sixteen years a Judge of the Court of General Sessions, is one of the most valuable members of the New York Judiciary. His long experience on the bench has made all the ins and outs of criminal law as familiar to him as the mysteries of typography to a trained proof-reader, while he is thoroughly grounded in the general principles of his profession. In his administration of justice he has an admirable blending of firmness and moderation. He has never shown any itching for the notoriety that comes from sensational treatment of even the worst criminals, and is untempted by the glories of "railroading" offenders to the State-prison; but no guilty man, after a fair trial, is likely to escape a penalty from Judge COWING proportioned to his offence. It is not easy to overestimate the service that an upright and intelligent judge renders to a community like that of this great city, and that service should not be rejected while it is practicable to retain it in its full efficiency. Judge COWING is a Republican in national politics, but he is not a partisan on or off the bench, and the Democratic managers of New York could find no better case for the application of the rule, so happily gaining ground in this State, of excluding politics from judicial nominations.

—In HARPER'S WEEKLY for September 15th, containing illustrations of selected designs for the Columbian Arch, No. 3 was inadvertently credited to be the work of ALBERT WAHLE, 350 East Forty-second Street, and J. BEECKMAN, 160 Fifth Avenue, instead of to the former alone, Mr. BEECKMAN's design being No. 4, which received honorable mention.

—The growth of the race-track in importance is shown in no other way more pointedly than in the fact that one of its followers, JAMES ROWE, is paid $100 a day for his expert knowledge of how to start the horses in a race. Mr. ROWE, when a youth, kept a cigar-stand in a small Virginia hotel. He became a jockey, then a trainer, and rose thereafter to the position that now gives him the income of a man of great wealth. His honesty, more than any other quality, gives him the place he has to-day.

—The portrait of Mr. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS which appeared in this paper on September 3d, and which attracted much favorable comment as a most excellent likeness, was from the studio of F. GUTEKUNST, of Philadelphia.

—Last week Miss LOTTIE COLLINS sang the song which made her famous, for the first time in New York, after having observed that city from the deck of the *Normannia* for many feverish days. She is the young woman who made "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" popular in London by dancing to its music in a style peculiar to herself. American critics who had seen her imitators seem inclined to be disappointed in that style, probably because the young woman was so much advertised in advance, not only by the song itself, but by her detention in Quarantine, and they expected too much. The dance consists of a run rather than a dance, sudden leaps in the air, sweepings of the stage with her hair, and a kick while in mid-air and completely off the stage. All this is supposed to express the emotions of a young lady of good society, of a hilarious disposition, and in the full enjoyment of her health. The dancing, in spite of all the talk concerning it, is quite proper, and is accomplished in a long street dress. Miss COLLINS is paid $800 a week for singing this one song.



AMATEVR · SPORT

THERE WILL ALWAYS BE PROFESSIONALISM among a certain class of athletes so long as they are tolerated. Money will stick to their fingers, and no number of associations or rulings will have any effect except to make them keep it darker. But why is there any secret about it? Simply because it pays these men much better than were they to become known as professionals. Almost every knave has an accomplice, and in this case the confederates of the masquerading athletes are some of our largest athletic clubs.

It looks very much as though we were going to have just such another scandal as that furnished by the "amachoor" boxer last year.

Amateur boxing would never have been infested with the class of "muckers" who drove out all self-respecting amateurs if the New York and Manhattan athletic clubs had not paid them money. After these clubs had created the class, and been a party to a wholesale swindle of the Amateur Athletic Union and the laws they were in duty bound to uphold, they became virtuous—chiefly because the "amachoors" were getting too expensive.

Since then these two clubs have been honest so far as their boxing entertainments are concerned.

TO THE GENUINE LOVER OF AMATEUR ATHLETICS, the steadily growing professional tendency is heart-breaking. Appeals seem to be utterly futile, honor is slightingly regarded, and no one knows where the present course will lead us. The Amateur Athletic Union is crippled, since those who should be its stanchest supporters are the greatest offenders against its laws. The result of all this is that gradually a class of athletes, to all intents and purposes professionals, is taking the place of those we used to have, who if they did not make such fine records on the track and field, made much better ones in honesty. Of course there are a number of exceptions, some of our best college athletes still competing under club colors, but the atmosphere is changing. The better class of spectators is rapidly becoming convinced that "its kind of people" is withdrawing from active competition, and that the large athletic clubs practically support many of their crack athletes. These spectators are not far from right; the definition of the amateur is growing more hazy daily, and in the strife to win club officials appear to hesitate at nothing to reach the desired end. It is "every one for himself, and the devil take the hindermost."

THERE ARE CERTAIN CUSTOMS in athletics which, without being governed by any especial ruling, have become traditional and accepted. Of these is the training table. The legitimate use of a training table is entirely proper. It is no more than a fair return to the athlete who gives up a part of his recreation to get himself in "form." Frequently the track of his club is some distance from his home, which would mean a cold supper or dinner by the time he reached there after training. That he should have his dinner provided by the club is therefore no breach of the amateur law, which holds that while the athlete must not be a gainer, save in the honor of winning by his prowess, neither must he be a loser. So it is also with the matter of paying expenses to and from games held away from the place of residence. It is entirely correct that the club should pay its athletes actual expenses on such trips, which are not taken more than three or four times a year. No one will ever find fault with the legitimate use of these two privileges, but it is the abuse of them that is becoming a menace to pure and wholesome athletics. And again we find that the large athletic clubs, which so recently made a great show of virtuous indignation over the "amachoor" boxer, are the offenders. If they did not offer inducements to these athletes, of course there would be no temptation for them to be otherwise than honest. When we see an athlete whom we know has no income and no employment save athletics, living at his ease month in and month out, it is fair to assume his club is supporting him. This is what I call a professional athlete, and there are a handful of them here in New York.

IT IS NOT THE INTENTION to particularize at this time. The year which is now drawing to a close has been spent in gathering proof of transgressions in athletic circles; next year a determined crusade will be inaugurated by this department against all sailing under false colors in amateur sport. And that crusade will also wage war against the professional tendency which has been showing itself in college baseball the past season or two.

It seems as if there must come a crisis in amateur athletics, and it cannot come too soon.

The first step towards it should be the dropping from the Metropolitan Association of the A.A.U. all those clubs that have failed to pay their assessment, for they are absolutely worthless members. They hold no games, have no pretensions to club-houses or grounds, and were organized, without an exception, for the sole purpose of giving "slugging" matches. Far from being desirable, they are a disgrace to any association which claims to exist for the benefit of amateurs. The next step that *ought* to be taken would be the meeting of representatives from the several larger clubs, and the formation of a man-to-man business contract on the question of the amateur.

There are two classes in athletics, just as there are in society, and why attempt to control them with one body? We have no more use for the lower (*sic*) class than it has for us. Its members have their ways and their entertainments, and we have ours. Why spoil theirs and blacken ours by an attempt at affiliation?

IT IS WITH ALL THESE FACTS staring me in the face that I have no patience whatever with the two motions made at the last A.A.U. meeting—first, to raise the value of prizes from $35 to $50; and second, to permit the giving of inter-club banners. If I thought the proposer of these motions had a thorough conception of the wedge for harm he was proposing to enter, I should be tempted to score him very severely. To begin with, these are simply old doctrines that have been tried and found wanting. The question whether first prizes be valued at $35 or $50 has been discussed to a wearisome length, and nothing new developed. That it should be again brought forward by an intelligent observer of the times is remarkable. What is the object of raising the valuation from $35 to $50? Are we to have the A.A.U.-N.A.A.A.A. battle over again, when each organization attempted to outdo the other in the rivalry for entries? The raising of the value of prizes is invariably an admission that greed and not sport attracts the entries. It is precisely in line with what I have been writing above; it is the athlete who has no business save athletics, and who goes into athletics only for what he can get out of them; it is he and his kind that clamor for prizes worth $50 instead of $35. Can we not give this class of athlete just one good knock-out for luck? Will not the legislators of the A.A.U. vote against this motion? If passed, it will give the large clubs still greater power, for their bank roll is longer, and push the smaller clubs still farther into obscurity.

AS FOR THE BANNER MOTION, when so experienced a legislator as the veteran athlete W. B. Curtis sets his face against it, there is not likely to be much of value in it. This is so much of a chestnut I am surprised at its being brought forward; it is only the old Bailey, Banks, & Biddle plague over again. I think Mr. Curtis, himself a member of the New York Athletic Club, fathered a motion last year to do away with the trouble-breeding trophy. It never benefited amateur athletes one iota, and it did do much harm. It kept everything in a turmoil by the extraordinary efforts of the New York Athletic Club and the Manhattan Athletic Club to secure points. These two clubs literally stopped at nothing in order to snatch a few points from each other. Should this banner motion be successful, we shall have this strife over again. The New Yorks and the Manhattans will once more take to the war-path, and smaller clubs, with promising athletes, will be pillaged to even a greater extent than they are now.

CONSIDERING THE CONDITION OF ATHLETICS at the present time, great care should be taken to do nothing that will increase the present grabbing policy of the large clubs. What can possibly be the benefit of this banner motion? Like its fellow, the motion to increase the value of the prizes, it would work great harm to the smaller clubs, which have none too easy an existence as it is. There is neither rhyme nor reason in either of these motions, and they should be voted down by a large majority.

When that "next step" spoken of above is taken, and the representatives of our half-dozen or so best clubs form a man-to-man agreement, then will it be also the time for them to bind themselves to respect the product of one another.

CONSIDERING THE GREEDINESS DISPLAYED by the Manhattan and New York Athletic Clubs, it is really a wonder there are any other athletic clubs at all in this district. The moment a promising man is discovered, emissaries from both of these assail him day and night, night and day, until he is persuaded to become a deserter from his club. The New Jersey Athletic Club presents a striking illustration of how ruthlessly the smaller clubs are robbed by the larger. Morrell the hurdler, Mitchell the weight-thrower, and Zimmerman the bicycler, all now members of the New York Athletic Club; Puffer, the Manhattan Athletic Club's hurdler, and Shearman, the same club's champion walker, were all taken from the New Jersey Athletic Club, and every one of them but Mitchell was developed by that club. Had they been able to withstand the "inducements" of the larger, the New Jersey Athletic Club would to-day have a team that could earn it the majority of points at the National Championships. I have always had great respect for Willie Day, because he has stuck to his colors despite the alluring offers he has had from the large clubs.

THE CANADIAN ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS at Montreal last Saturday furnished seven new Canadian records, one of them (the 220 yards flat) a world's record, and another (the 120 yards hurdle) equalled the world's record. The happiest feature of it all was the fact that two of the record-breakers are Canadians—G. W. Orton and S. G. Waldron. The former is the young man of whom this department spoke last week; he won the mile in $4.21\frac{3}{5}$, breaking the record of $4.27\frac{2}{5}$ made last year by A. B. George. Orton has remained true to his native colors, the Toronto Lacrosse Club. Not so with Waldron, who carries those of the Manhattan Athletic Club. I am surprised the Canadian association has not ruled on the matter, nor learned its lesson from the example set by the champion shot-putter George Gray, who in the land of his birth represents a club several hundred miles away and in a foreign country. Waldron is a good middle-distance man; last year he ran a dead heat with Turner for third place in the 440, in which Downs and Remington met; he also ran second to Dohm in the half. This year he was second to Downs in the 440 in $50\frac{1}{5}$, and afterwards won the half-mile in $1.59\frac{1}{5}$, breaking Dohm's Canadian record of $2.01\frac{1}{5}$ made last year. Waldron seems to hoodoo Turner, for no matter what form the latter has been showing, the former runs away from him in slower time.

THE GREAT PERFORMANCE OF THE MEETING was Harry Jewett's, D. A. C., 220-yard run in $21\frac{3}{5}$ seconds, which is the more noteworthy since it was done on a track with a turn. This supplants Luther Cary's world record of $21\frac{4}{5}$, and is the fastest time ever made by man. Jewett also won the 100 yards easily in $10\frac{1}{5}$ from E. W. Allen, N. Y. A. C. Unfortunately H. D. Carr, Montreal A. A., broke down, or he would have made Jewett do better time.

Harry Morrell, N. Y. A. C., was the next star performer, winning the 120-yard hurdles in $15\frac{4}{5}$ seconds, which equals H. L. Williams's world's record. J. S. Mitchell, N.Y.A.C., proved a triple winner for his club; in the absence of George Gray, he took the 16-pound shot with 40 feet $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, his best performance, I believe, in this country; he broke his own Canadian record of 31 feet 2 inches with the 56, hurling it 32 feet 3 inches, and smashed Queckberner's Canadian 16-pound hammer record of 131 feet $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches by a throw of 136 feet 3 inches. He did break his own world's record of 141 feet 9 inches by a throw of 146 feet, but it was a foul.

The other record-breaker was M. F. Sweeney, Xavier A.C., who beat Nickerson's, '91, performance of 6 feet $1\frac{1}{16}$ by a high jump of 6 feet $1\frac{3}{8}$ inches. The pole vault was very poor, and the broad jump fair—E. W. Goff, M. A. C., taking it with 22 feet $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches; Schwegler, N. Y. A. C., who was second, last year won it with a jump four inches better. The 2-mile event was noteworthy for the good performance of E. Hjertberg, N. J. A. C., who ran down the faint-hearted Willie Day in $9.52\frac{2}{5}$, which is $9\frac{4}{5}$ seconds slower than Day's best time at the distance.

THE NATIONAL ATHLETIC CHAMPIONSHIPS next Saturday on Manhattan Field should furnish good sport if some of our erstwhile champions reach the promised form. Jewett must win both the sprints; Wager Swayne, of Yale, is the only active athlete who could make the result of the 100 yards an uncertainty, and he is in Europe. The Canadian Carr, if he were "fit," would probably take the place from Allen, who is not going now as fast as he can. Morrell has a mortgage on the 120 hurdles, and, unless Copland should strike a pace he has not approached in months, the best chance at the 220 hurdles also. Neither H. L. Williams nor J. P. Lee, the record-holders in these events, will appear.

The quarter-mile belongs to Downs. I should be greatly surprised to see him lose it to John Owen, Jun., D.A.C., even if the latter is going as fast as credited. Yet stranger things have happened; and with a recollection of his 100 yards world's record of $9\frac{4}{5}$, and of his legs and chest, the possibility grows apace. If they do come together, it will be a grand race. So will the half-mile between Turner and Waldron; if the first is equal to the form he has shown, he ought to win, but he must be on "edge" to do it. If Orton, the Canadian, comes down, he should win the mile. A. B. George has not shown form good enough to beat him, Willie Day hasn't the sand to do it, and Conneff will probably devote himself to the 5 miles, though in his present shape he could not beat Orton if he tried. I should like to see Shearman, M.A.C., win the walks, because Meek has no business on an amateur track. He has the right, as the A.A.U. gave it to him recently, but it was a shameful use of power. Meek was formerly an amateur, then he turned professional for the single purpose of making money; when there was no more to be made in professional athletics, he applied for reinstatement as an amateur, and the A.A.U. obliged him. As I understand these things, the quality of mercy invested in the A.A.U. committee is not for such as Meek. The pole vault will rest between Rodenbaugh, who is accredited with recently doing 11 feet 5 inches, and Luce, D.A.C. Sweeney seems to have the high jump as certain as Gray and Mitchell have the shot, 56, and hammer. Goff, Copland, and Schwegler will look after the broad jump. The absence of college men is noticeable.

WILL ALL COLLEGE MEN WHO CONSIDER themselves competent and are open for engagement as football coaches please send their names into this department? The thirst for football knowledge throughout the country, East, West, North, and South, is astonishing, and the demand for coaches far exceeds our present supply.

ALTHOUGH A LITTLE EARLY TO TALK of the Thanksgiving football match here in New York, it is none too soon for Yale and Princeton to begin devising means that will obviate such scandal as we had after the game last year. First of all, let us have an end to the prominence given "gate receipts" in the newspaper interviews with college managers. Of course, it is absolutely essential that the financial end be managed on business principles, and the gate receipts of a season's football, we all know, practically support all the athletics of the college, but do not let us have the fact kept before us so continuously, else we must grow to believe that it is the "gate receipts" Yale and Princeton contest for, and not the football championship.

It has always been a pet scheme of mine that when the University Athletic Club was organized it would be far and away not only the most acceptable, but the best qualified to take charge of the large college matches held in this city. Now that the club is formed, why would not the plan be feasible and desirable. Its membership comprises *alumni* whose interest in the *alma mater* has never flagged, and whose ability and responsibility are well known. It seems to me that the management of the Yale and Princeton teams would do well to sound the University Athletic Club on the subject.

A GLANCE AT THE THREE CRACK TEAMS as they will go on the field for the early days of practice shows Harvard to be the one favored with that rather unusual good fortune of starting out even better equipped with men than at the finish. In the first place, Harvard will have all her old men behind the line, together with her best choice of line men—Trafford, Lake, Corbett, Gray, Fearing, the same quarter in Gage, besides Jack Fairchild, who gives great promise; Hallowell, Newell, Emmons, Waters, Highlands, and, if report be true, as many as the coaches want of the centre trio. But, in addition to this, Upton is likely to be a candidate for his old place in the line, and barring the prejudices of some, I must confess I fancy Upton as an improvement upon Harvard tacklers last year.

If Princeton has Balliet, of last year's Lehigh team, for centre, she will have the best man in that position of all last season's snap backs. If he is flanked by Riggs and Wheeler, Princeton's centre will be very strong. The rest of the team, with the exception of Harold and Warren, can be made up the same as in 1891, with promising men to fill the gaps. Another week will give us something of a line on all the teams, particularly as to the usual stories of returning old players.

At New Haven over twenty men are assembled, and, as I have said, it is a back-line party. There are not enough forwards in the number to fill one line, whereas there are halves, quarters, and backs for two or three teams. The most promising new line man is Messler, who played upon the Freshman team last year, while the best man behind the line of the new ones is Graves, the old Trinity man.

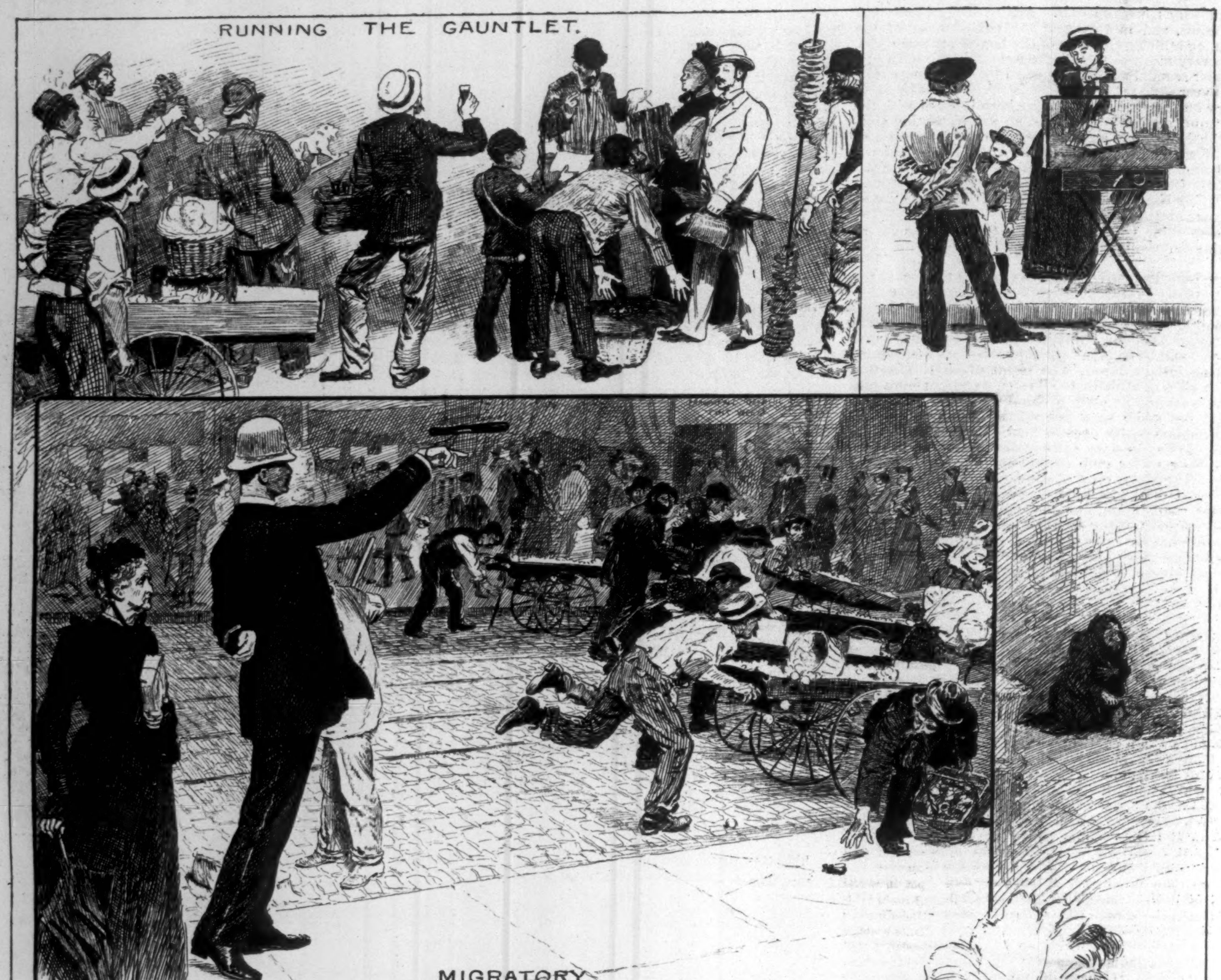
THE WONDERFUL RIDING OF JOHN S. JOHNSON, the Minneapolis wheelman, at Independence, Iowa, on the 22d, actually takes away our breath. Beside his performance Zimmerman's becomes commonplace. On the 17th, on the Independence kite-shaped track, he made the quarter and half mile records, from a flying start, in $26\frac{2}{5}$ and $55\frac{1}{2}$ seconds. On the 20th he lowered the standing start quarter-mile record from $31\frac{1}{5}$ to 30 seconds. The same day he made an attempt at Zimmerman's $2.08\frac{4}{5}$ for the mile, and made the three-quarters in $1.34\frac{1}{5}$, lowering the time for that distance $1\frac{3}{5}$ seconds, and the mile in the astonishing time of $2.04\frac{3}{5}$. The same day he reduced his flying-start quarter to $26\frac{1}{5}$ seconds, and made the standing start half $58\frac{3}{4}$.

On the 22d, however, he reached figures that are really astounding. He set out to make a new mile record; reached the quarter in $29\frac{1}{2}$, the half in $58\frac{3}{5}$, three-quarters in $1.28\frac{1}{5}$, and finished the mile in $1.56\frac{3}{5}$. Nothing like it was ever dreamed of, and we shall be anxious to see what manner of man is this who puts the mile racing figures where no one ever expected even a horse could put them.

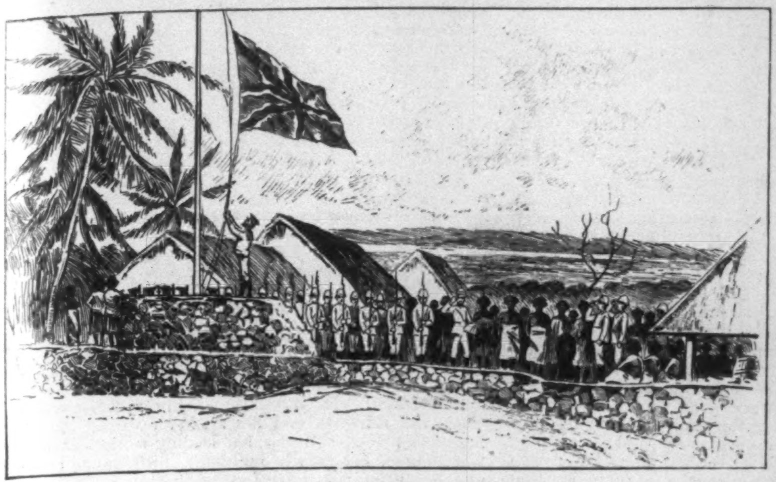
THE LITTLE FOOTBALL BOOK Messrs. Spalding & Brothers have put forth this year has, in addition to the rules of the game, an introductory chapter by Walter Camp which every beginner should read. It is simplicity itself, but not a point escapes the clear-headed writer. Another feature is the addition of ten photographs of the most prominent players, which adds interest to a pamphlet that is very instructive.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

"HOW WOMEN SHOULD RIDE."—BY "C. DE HURST."—ILLUSTRATED.—PRICE, $1 25.—PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

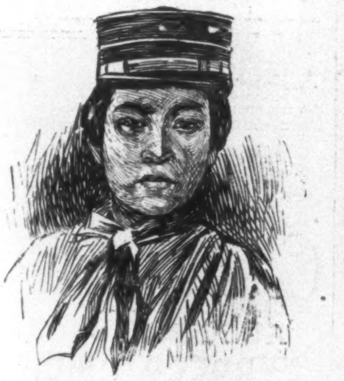

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.
MIGRATORY.
CORNS
MANICURE
Flower Peddlers.
BROUGHTON

STREET VENDERS ON FOURTEENTH STREET. NEW YORK.—Drawn by Charles Broughton.


HOISTING THE BRITISH FLAG.

THE GILBERT ISLANDS.

A LITTLE group of coral islands, fifteen or sixteen in number, are situated in the Pacific Ocean, on either side of the equator. These are known as the Gilbert Islands, after their discoverer, or the Kingsmill Group, as called by Gilbert. They possess a soil that is only a few inches in depth, but it seems to suffice for the growth of cocoanut and a few other articles of food indigenous to that region. It is said that the islands probably contain over 50,000 inhabitants of mixed descent, who are partly Christians. Great Britain and Germany in 1885 made a treaty dividing the lesser islands in that part of the Pacific according to the pleasure of the two nations. The natives were not consulted in this division, and it would have made no difference what they thought about it. No formal announcement was made to the natives of this "Lilliputian group" when the treaty was settled, but, according to a London paper, "for many years it has, *more or less unconsciously*, belonged to the sphere of British influence in the Pacific, and has owned allegiance to a High Commissioner, whose authority has vibrated somewhat feebly all the way from distant Fiji." (The *italics* in the above sentence do not appear in the original; they are merely used to point the moral.) The English version of the seizure continues as follows: "The remoteness of the said Commissioner seems to have inspired certain of the chiefs to a course of conduct which the suzerain could not approve—such as the oppression and robbery of British subjects, and the making of overtures to the United States for annexation to the Great Republic—and hence it became necessary to despatch Captain Davis in the good ship *Royalist* to take possession of the islands and chastise the erring natives. This was happily and quietly accomplished in the middle of last June, and the British flag now waves over these equatorial coral reefs." Such is the story of England's late addition to its colonies, commenting upon which the New York *Sun* says: "If England wants the Gilbert Islands, there is no one to utter a protest unless it be the United States. Our San Francisco copra merchants have larger interests there than any other traders, and German map-makers often color Pacific islands to indicate that they belong to us if our trade interests predominate; but we have not claimed any of these islands, and it is not likely that we shall do so."


KING PAUL.

The British flag was hoisted over one of the central islands of the group, Apamama by name. The population is estimated at 700, and is ruled by a boy ten years of age. King Paul, which is the title of this boy sovereign, succeeded his father Simmon, who succumbed (after five months' reign) to liquor. The boy had been a king but ten days when the "good ship *Royalist*" arrived and proceeded to take possession. Paul is said to be "fairly intelligent, very popular, and if well advised by his councillors, of whom he has twelve, should make a good ruler." Nowadays kings are not as supreme as they once were, but King Paul of Apamama is probably the most shadowy king in existence. The Gilbert-Islanders are a curious people. Some of them are yet in the savage state, but others have listened to the missionaries and professed Christianity. It is said that some of the people eat human flesh on occasion, but are not habitual cannibals, according to the account. Paul is only one of several kings throughout the group, part of which is also given over to a sort of republican rule. The advent of England marks the beginning of the first general authority, and the republican government is now as empty as the rule of royalty. The Islanders had several debates as to whether they would fight or not, but they finally decided that Great Britain was too formidable, and succumbed to the inevitable. Meanwhile England rejoices over its new addition to the mighty empire.

AN EPITAPH.

MR. J. W. BURDICK, of Albany, New York, who has a gentle passion for collecting peculiar epitaphs, has found this one in a graveyard at Nantucket:

"If spotless honour and unsullied truth,
If smiling innocence and blooming youth,
If female sweetness joined with manly sense,
If winning wit that never gave offence,
If modesty that never wore a frown,
If goodness that may claim a heavenly crown,
If virtues such as these deserve a tear,
Here pour thy grief, for they are buried here."

HARK! WHAT'S THAT?

THE dinner bell, of course. Not a particularly welcome sound to the dyspeptic. But if the stomach be put in working order, and appetite insured with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, we welcome the ting-a-ling-aling that announces a meal with delight. The Bitters not only promotes digestion, but overcomes malarial and liver complaints, constipation, nervousness, rheumatism.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN,
Especially infants, is prevalent at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

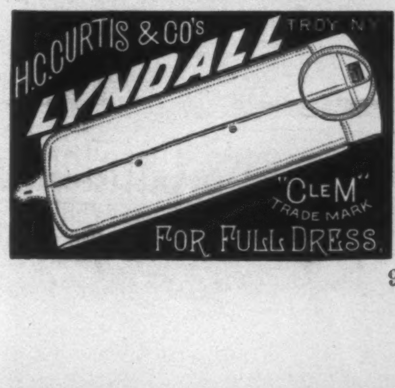
DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

THE best regulator of the digestive organs, also best appetizer known, is ANGOSTURA BITTERS.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are invariably acknowledged the purest and the best.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.



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Eau de Cologne,

Invented in the year 1709 by the most ancient distiller of that name, has won Prize Medals at exhibitions of all nations—"by reason of its excellent qualities"—and is distinguished by the label,

Johann Maria Farina,
Julichs Platz No. 4.

Its nervine qualities, cosmetic effects, and exquisite perfume are not to be found in any other toilet preparation.

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HEALTHFUL
AGREEABLE
REFRESHING

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BY JULIAN RALPH.

CHICAGO paraphrases an ancient Roman boast. She likes to say that "All [rail] roads lead to Chicago." It is close enough to the truth to be quoted as indicative of how truly great a railroad centre Chicago is. She is the first of the really great cities of the United States that was developed by the railroads. The older cities grew in importance according as the multiplying steamboats and ships, as well as railroads, came to them in the natural course, but in the West nearly all the railroads sought out Chicago, and caused her to wax great and powerful. Chicago would have forgotten this fact, as being a mere incident of her childhood, but she has not been permitted to forget it. She has outgrown dependence upon the railroads, or, rather, they have become subordinate to her, and it is when the local fathers attempt to discipline these roads that she is reminded by them of how much of her greatness the companies consider due to their agency.

It is fitting that the first great railroad centre should have become the greatest sufferer from those evils which follow the passage of railways through or into a city. Such is the case with Chicago. A battery of tracks skirts part of the lake shore, which elsewhere the city has beautified and made its constant care and joy. And since most of the roads came into the town when it was very small, or now come in over routes laid out at that time, it follows that to reach their terminals the roads cut across the city at many angles. These long avenues upon which the steam-cars run constitute one of the peculiar features of the city. The tracks are fenced in, and at the street crossings are those fingerlike gates with which all American railroad travellers are familiar. These gates, having two long thin arms which swing towards one another upon pivots when the thoroughfares are to be blocked, are worked by men who sit up in little boxes on the tops of tall posts—exaggerated sparrow-boxes are what they look like; and in reality they are but little larger than such kennels as we house St. Bernard dogs in.

There is always a ladder up one side of each pole, and the door of each box is in its floor. In each box there is a tiny stove, a chair, a shelf, and the levers that the gateman uses to work the gates. The boxes command views up and down the tracks and the cross streets. As all the railroads run on the same grade or level as the streets, the usefulness of these long rows of watch-boxes is apparent, and yet the slaughter and mangling and maiming of the citizens by the railroads go on, and is unparalleled elsewhere in the world. The people of Chicago may be said to know that each rising of the sun ushers in a day in which a human life will be taken by some train of cars, so nearly do the murders in each year approach the sum of one a day. And that is saying nothing of the daily mangling.

The occupation of a part of the lake front by the railroads has fretted the officials more than any other source of complaint against the steam ways. The part of the lake front which is used thus is that large section lying south of the Chicago River, from the river to somewhere about Fiftieth Street, or near the grounds of the Columbian Exposition. The right of way is that of the Illinois Central road, but the tracks are used by other railroads, all busy ones. Everybody who has visited Chicago during the past twenty years will recollect the ruinlike depot buildings in use at the end of these tracks. Constant agitation and uncertainty as to the division of rights between the Illinois Central and the city have, I believe, occasioned the delay in the construction of a station there to vie with the others in the city, which are mainly large and thoroughly equipped. The railway company has held that it owned the lake-shore route in front of the city in fee-simple, and also the riparian rights. It has been decided by one court that it has a full title to certain parts of it, but only an easement or right of way in the remainder. Another court may view the case differently, of course, but in the mean time the company has made an offer to the city which, had it been accepted, would have led to the sinking of the tracks along the shore, so that the city could have treated the water-front as a park, and the railroad would not have interfered with the desired effect. For such rights as the railroad would surrender it asked remuneration, and upon this feature of the proposition being considered, there arose those inevitable persons who were startled by what they called the grasping character of the corporation. And thus was lost a chance that may never come again. In the mean time the six tracks of the road are kept busy night and day in front of the hotel centre of the town, and that which should be a beauty-spot is very like a railroad switching-yard, than which there are not many objects more unprepossessing.

Dangerous as the traffic is at present, its evils are as nothing to those which would exist if the present state of things were to continue during the exposition, when hundreds of thousands of persons and teams would have to cross the tracks to reach the fair-grounds, and when the trains will have been so multiplied that it is safe to say they will be run every two minutes. This being understood, a great force of men is now employed in raising the Illinois Central tracks near the fair-grounds to a height of twelve feet above the present level, and the streets are to dive under them, so that the cars will cross overhead on bridges. When the road-bed is raised to a certain height by a sort of Egyptian process of shovelling dirt upon one track from trains upon another, and then from the raised track down upon the first one, the performance is repeated to and fro, until the whole wide series of tracks is up to where it is wanted to be. A new million-dollar depot will speedily be erected in place of the present unsightly ruins. These great improvements the Illinois Central is making of its own accord, and it is deserving of great credit for the fact.

Despite the great area of land which Chicago occupies her business portion is very much compressed, far more than that of New York. The reason for this is that all the railroads reach the very heart of the town. Their freight and passenger depots are close together, and these force the bulk of the mercantile business into a little space for convenience' sake. Whoever looks upon a map of the great city will be surprised to see that these depots really wall or frame a space of only about a mile square. It is only a mile and a quarter from the Chicago and Northwestern Depot on the North Side to the Dearborn Depot, the one farthest south. But it is only about three-quarters of a mile from the Union Depot on the West Side to the Illinois Central Depot on the lake front. The reader sees in this fact why Chicago has such tall buildings, and so many of them. Laughed at for having reached out and seized scores of square miles of prairie, and even yet possessing farms within her city limits, she none the less feels her "business elbow-room" more cramped than if she were on narrow Manhattan Island. In the little square mile around whose edges the railways end are all her towering office buildings, her principal hotels, her leading stores, her wholesale warehouses, her public buildings, restaurants, exchanges, and her principal centres of trade and resort. Many of these buildings have been piled high in the air because the ground is crowded, and the only leeway is upward.

Some day—it is a problem many men are studying—this heart of the city must be enlarged, and the probability is that this will be done by moving all the depots (except that upon the lake front) back a mile or so. When that is accomplished they may be connected by a circular railroad—an elevated road, most persons predict. Then travellers by the various roads can connect with other roads than those upon which they come in, and may continue their journeys without delay. This cannot be done now. Chicago stops every traveller now, like a giant highwayman, and makes him or her pay homage to it, whether the traveller wishes to break his journey there or not, taking his baggage, and, in most cases, holding his person at a hotel until a later hour or another day.

It will be interesting to add a note about each of the Chicago depots, which squeeze in the vital organs of the city like iron corsets. There are seven of them—the Dearborn, the Illinois Central, the Baltimore and Ohio, the Union, the Grand Central, the Van Buren Street, and the Chicago and Northwestern. They are so close to one another that they seem to transform the thick of the city into one railway depot—the greatest in the world. More than 85,000 miles of railroad centre there, and nearly all the great systems of the United States, Canada, and Mexico meet there. If we speak of those which enter the city by leased or contributory lines, we leave out scarcely any notable railroads in North America.

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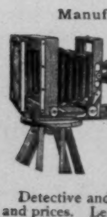

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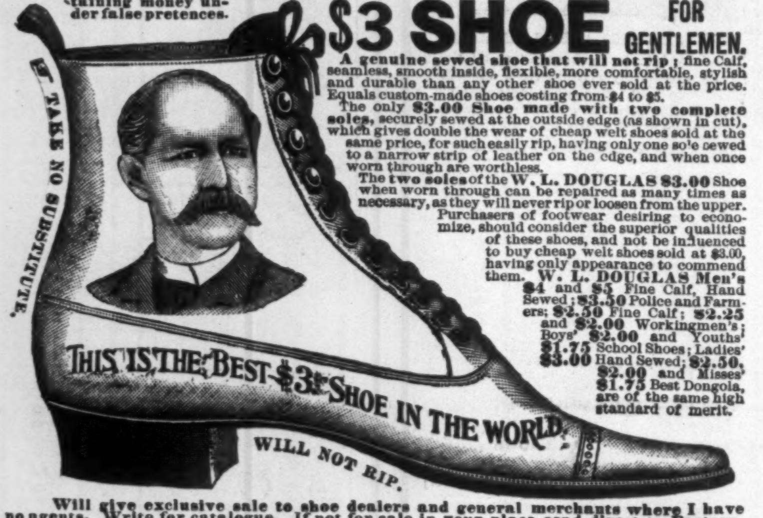

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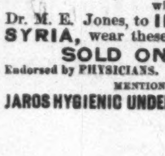

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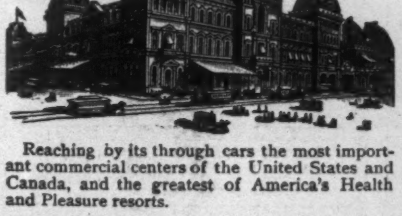

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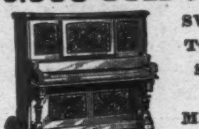

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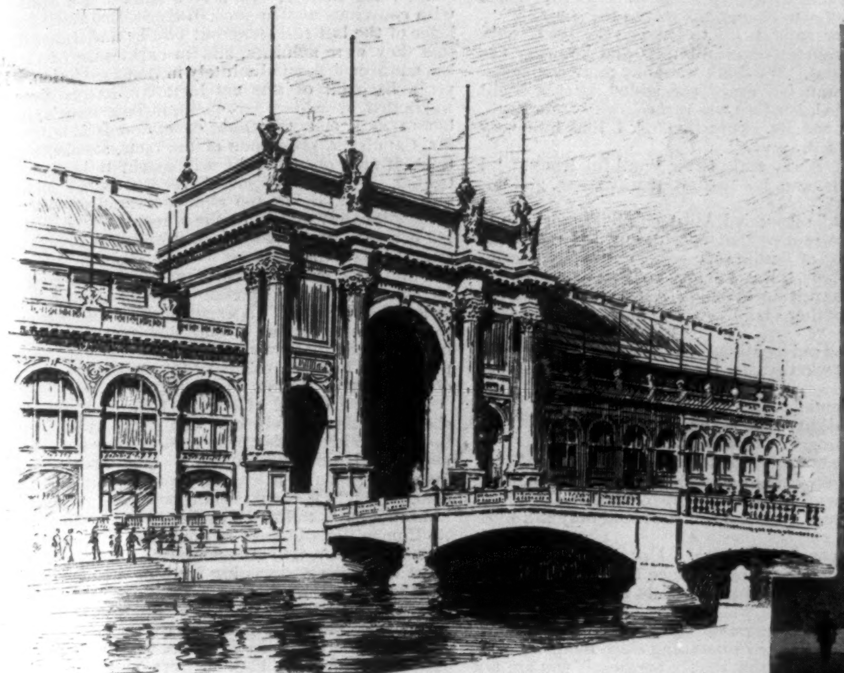

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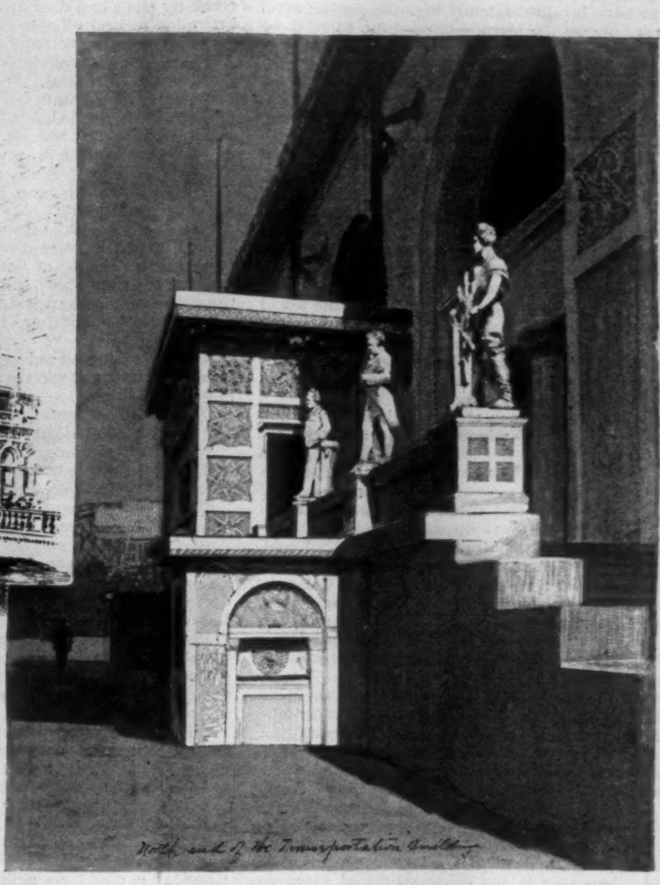

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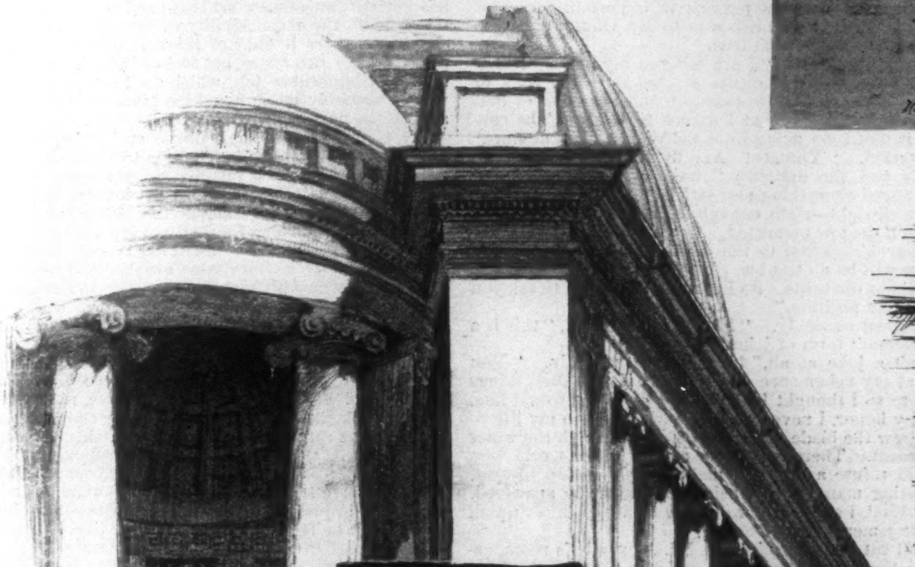

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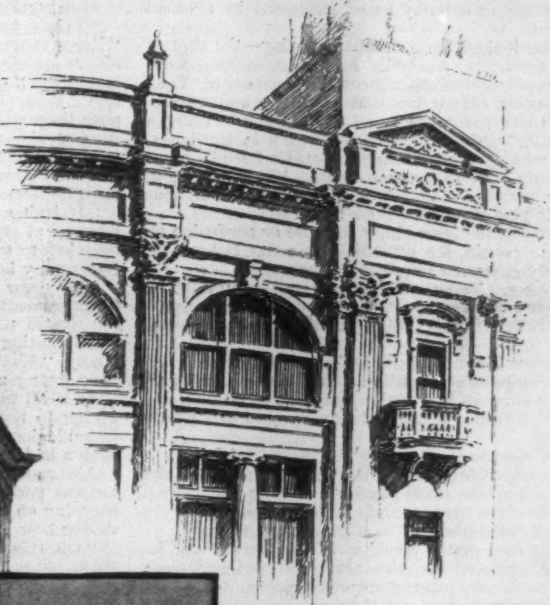

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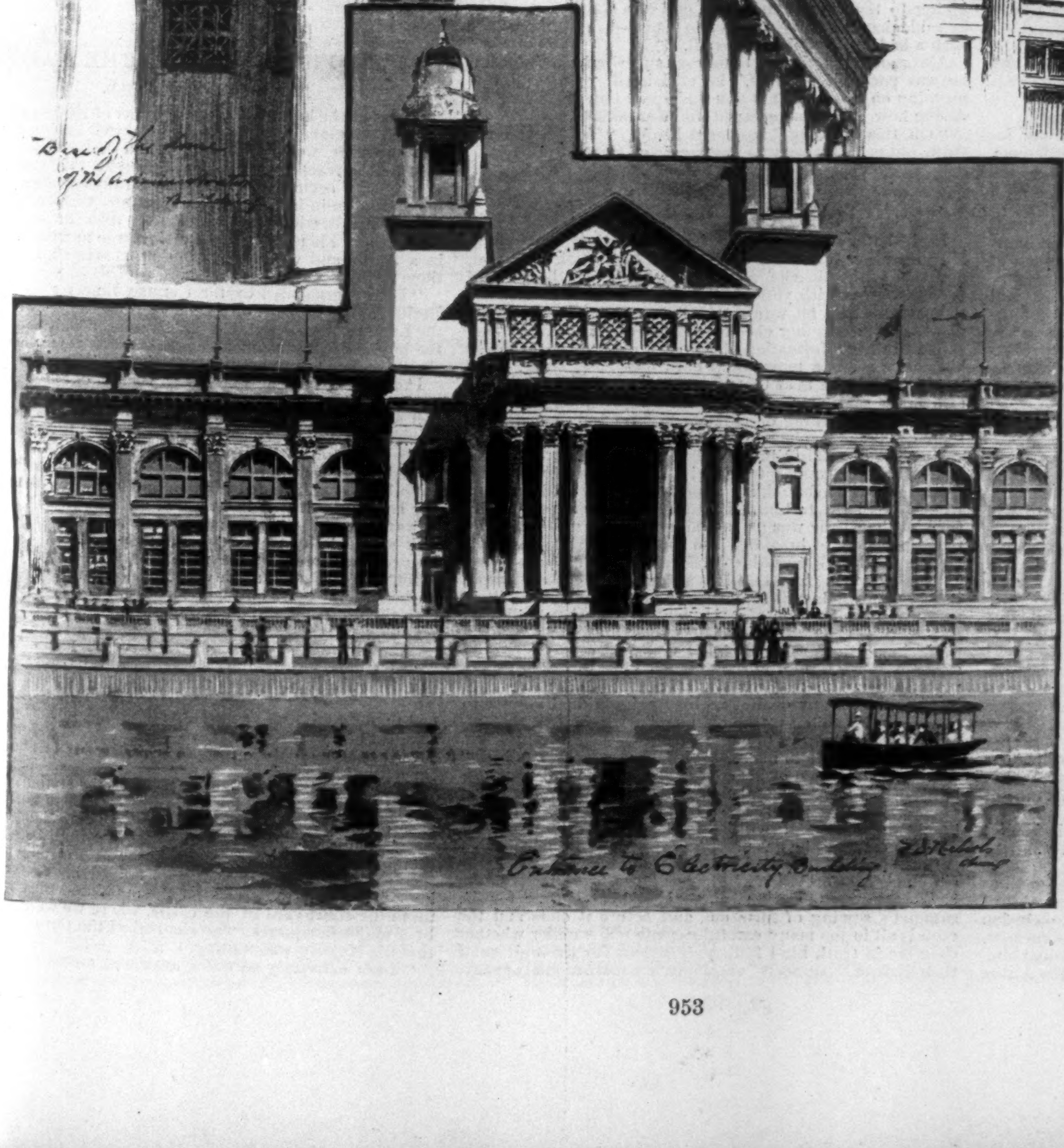


Entrance to Electricity Building

H. D. Nichols

DUX FEMINA FACTI.

Stoop and pick up a handful of shells from that broad path which you have been mistakenly regarding as a gravel walk. If you are one of the learned ones of the earth those small mollusks may teach you that you are near the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, and, for aught that I know of such matters, may inform you that you are on the coast of the State of Mississippi.

Now, if you add the pursuit of literature to that of science, look well around you; for here that most valuable literary raw material, local color of the Southern type, has been most lavishly poured out. Here are magnolias, oleanders, and all other Southern trees and shrubs. There, in that arch of Confederate jasmine, two mocking-birds have their habitat. They have been fighting since daybreak with every living thing that has approached them; but you need not put that in your article. Behind you is a broad-galleried, deep-roofed mansion of the most approved *ante bellum* architecture; and before you is the bluest water in the world—*crede me experto* who have seen the Adriatic and the Caribbean seas. Its beauty is marred by long dilapidated piers, but you will not complain of them when the mosquitoes swarm in from the Louisiana marshes and drive you out into the sea-breeze.

From where you stand you can see through the great hall of the house, quite through to where the pine forest stands out against the sky. It was not many months ago that a party of three—to me at that time a most interesting party—made that hall their assembly-room and temple for their household gods. Indeed, it was often their battle-ground, for in the long leisure of summer days the coating of conventionality in talk wears rather thin, and behind that coating are often concealed the most startling beliefs in persons of the most unimpeached respectability. At such times the sole male member of the trio was apt to begin the discussion with smooth appeals to experience, policy, and knowledge of the world, which happened to be his particular divinities, and, like other priests of Baal, he sometimes appealed long, loudly, and in vain.

It was after one of the longest and warmest of these debates that all three sat ostensibly deep in their morning's mail. John Dunn, the lone champion of the commonplace, tore through a small pile of letters with an air of mysterious importance which, he had been early taught, it was necessary to assume in order to attain business success. As he had attained that great and noble desideratum, and in no small degree, he might be fairly credited with a knowledge of the necessary methods. One of his fair antagonists, Constance Alston, who had played a heated, enthusiastic, and altogether minor part in the discussion, had forgotten the whole matter in a bulky letter, addressed in a broad masculine hand.

Presently she looked up. "What's to-day—the day of the month, I mean?" she asked. And then, without waiting for an answer: "Fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth. They will be here to-day. He writes that he will be here to-morrow—that is to-day, of course; and he is going to bring a friend with him." She buried herself again in the letter, and emerged with further intelligence: "His friend's name—I am not sure how to pronounce it. Alice," she said, turning to her cousin, the last of the trio, with a mischievous look, "how do you pronounce B-e-a-l-l?"

If her object was to create either surprise or confusion on the part of her cousin, the attempt was a flat failure, for that young lady answered imperturbably:

"Bell, of course. You know the name well enough. You can hardly have forgotten him since last winter."

"Was he a Johns Hopkins man—a Fellow?" asked Dunn, with interest.

"Yes, we knew him at Baltimore," answered Alice.

"Well, he's stopped all that," said Dunn, presumably referring to the pursuit of knowledge by means of fellowships. "One of his rich relatives died this spring, and he's pretty well fixed."

"I suppose we know all about him now," said Alice, a trifle wearily; and rising, she strolled out to the edge of the wide gallery, where she stood pensively looking out, a clear-cut figure against the blaze of light from without.

"That's a graceful picture," said Constance, warmly.

"Yes, she's a very pretty young girl," answered Dunn, indifferently. He proved the genuineness of his indifference by carrying on a very abstracted conversation with Constance for a few moments, and then wandering out with a careful indefiniteness to where Alice stood. To a sensitive man the manner in which he was received would have been equivalent to a verbal denunciation as an unpleasant interruption; but Mr. Dunn's many enemies attributed much of his success to his seldom making such discoveries.

Half a day later and Constance and her correspondent had resolved themselves into a faint splash of oars and a murmur of voices scarcely audible from the pier where Alice was burdened with an embarrassing wealth of companionship. The whilom learned Fellow was not obtrusively apparent in a quiet young man leisurely half reclining in the bow of a small skiff, of which Alice held the oars. Dunn stood upon the steps leading down into the water, looking despondently at a dark gap between himself and the boat.

"I can't bring the boat any closer on account of these posts," said Alice. "You can't drown, anyhow," she added, scornfully.

The Persians, I believe, have a saying that contempt will pierce through the shell of a tortoise. Dunn made the attempt, with the success which usually attends leaps in the dark. There was a sudden movement of the skiff, which in his cooler moments he attributed solely to his awkwardness. For as he stood a moment later dripping and wrathful upon the steps, he had sundry unpleasant suspicions, mainly due to a faint reminiscence of something unaccountable in that sudden slipping away of the boat from under him.

But a moment's reflection convinced him that it was absurd to suppose that any one should wish to be rid of his society; and even in this most improbable event, he felt sure that not even so young a lady as Miss Alston would resort to such an undignified, childish, and altogether improper method. The disappearance of these disagreeable suspicions was, of course, aided by the sincerest regret and sympathy, expressed in a voice which would have made the fortune of an orator or of an actress.

"Of course that ends our rowing," said Alice, decidedly. "Mr. Beall can go to the house with you, and I will row out and find Constance and Mr. Alexander."

But Dunn, now thoroughly appeased and not over-anxious for unsympathetic male companionship in his rather absurd condition, demurred emphatically. How the conclusion was reached he never exactly understood; but, somehow, after considerable argument and protestation, he found himself damply on his way toward the house, while Miss Alston and Mr. Beall had departed on what seemed to him an utterly useless search for the remaining members of the party.

The two rowed on in silence until the sound of Mr. Dunn's creaking steps had died away. Then Beall broke the silence by an ineffectual offer to change his seat to the stern.

"This seat is far enough aft to balance the boat," said Alice, with unconscious technicality. "And you may upset her, moving about. We don't want any more accidents. I am sorry Mr. Dunn fell over," she added, after a slight pause. If she smiled, her face was turned away from Beall, and he could not see its expression. "I like him very much," she continued.

"So do I," said Beall, with bitter youthful irony. "I like his high ideals, and his modest truthfulness, and his culture—don't you?"

"He is my guest," responded Alice, coldly.

Beall might have replied that, considering the recent occurrence, her ideas of hospitality were extremely recent, and a trifle suspicious. But having no absolute proof of the cause of that happy accident, he refrained, and simply asked, "He has another claim to your consideration, hasn't he?"

Alice disdained equivocation. "I suppose," she said, "you mean to ask whether the report of my engagement to him is true."

Beall briefly assented.

"And by what right?" she asked.

"I had the right once," he said, sadly.

"Suppose we do not talk about what you once had," said Alice. "You didn't seem to care much about it then."

This startling perversion of the facts bewildered Beall too much for any attempt at defence. He could only ask once more for an answer to his question.

"And if I told you," said Alice, "I suppose you would do as you did on a similar occasion once before—threaten to do something desperate, and then not do it. And I should be so much disappointed."

Beall took this rather aggravating remark very good-naturedly. "No; I've learned something since then," he said. "I wished to know about this simply because if you are not engaged to Mr. Dunn, I have an important piece of news to tell you."

"I suppose you will pardon my saying that I don't take as much interest as most persons in important pieces of news," said Alice. "But it is due to Mr. Dunn for me to tell you that the report isn't true."

"Then," replied Beall, "I can tell you my news. But if you don't mind, I would rather not tell it to the back of your head." So saying, he calmly took possession of half of the rowing-seat. "What I wished to tell you," he continued, "is that I am going to be married in a few months."

Alice started. "You are! And to whom?"

"That's just the difficulty," he said, contemplatively. "I've arranged everything else satisfactorily. My business affairs are all right—right enough for me to marry seven or eight girls if the law permitted. I've thought of everything else. I haven't spoken to the different people, but I suppose there will be no trouble. The only problem is, as you suggest, about the bride. So I came over mainly to ask you to occupy that position."

Alice turned suddenly. "Mr. Beall," she said, "this is a most unpleasant form of joke."

"It isn't a joke at all," he answered, placidly. "You laughed at my vehemence and romance about such things once before, so I thought I would try a style you would like. But, on my honor, I never was more in earnest in my life."

Alice drew the blade of her oar slowly through the water for a moment. There was every reason in the world why she should refuse a proposal made in this cool, confident, and irritating manner. So, being a woman, she answered, finally, "Well, I suppose it would be a pity to break up all your arrangements."

As Beall sat late that night in Mr. Alexander's room, enjoying to the utmost the bitter end of a long black cigar, he said, charitably, "Now there's Dunn—I don't think he's such a bad sort of fellow, after all."

Alexander looked up in humorous surprise from the valise he was packing. "Why," he exclaimed, "you said this morning on the train that you had spent long days in wondering how Dunn had escaped the penitentiary."

"Oh, this morning," answered Beall. "To tell you the truth, old man, I wasn't feeling very well this morning."

K. T. L.

ON TACKLING THE OLD MAN.

In the letter announcing that he would visit me, my young friend says: "It is a year since I have had a talk with you, and this is the time of all others when I feel the need of taking counsel with you over certain matters." I dare say the matters that he wants to talk over are not more momentous than whether checked trousers or striped are best suited to the conformation of his maturing legs, nevertheless his notice sends a momentary chill down my spine. The trouble is that he is at that unscrupulous age when youths of average sentiment and no definite expectations make no bones at all of falling desperately in love, and appealing to the most available elder to know what to do about it.

Now, he is a fairly prudent lad, and I cannot really believe that he is coming to me with any such audacious confession, but if he should, my mind is perfectly made up as to what I shall say to him. I shall show no more sympathy for him than if he was an intending burglar meditating on the expediency of breaking into some honest householder's tenement. I shall treat his case as lightly as if it was measles, callously assuring him that it is a thing to be endured while it lasts, but which calls for no action more fundamental than, possibly, a brief season of retirement from society, followed by a spirited resumption of the ordinary duties of life. One thing in particular I shall insist upon out of mere reasonable regard for fathers of daughters, a class to which I have recently come to find myself belong. I shall not permit him to attempt any dealings with the individual known to persons in his state as "the old man." He shall not be suffered, if I can help it, to make a conscientious parent accessory in any degree to his callow infatuation. He shall himself bear the burden of his complaint, and the full responsibility of his recovery, and there shall be no bringing down of gray hairs or interruption of parental repose with untimely worriment. It will be time enough for him to tackle the old man when he has prospects, at least, to divulge to him.

But all counsellors will not be so considerate as I of the old man's comfort. He will have a lot of bad quarter-hours between now and next spring. It is harvest-time for the summer's sowing of flirtation, and before it ends and the crop is all in too many careful parents will wonder whether they are in truth kind fathers, solicitous for the welfare of their girls, or "bouncers" employed in a matrimonial agency. All the world loves a lover, and is anxious to see him win; but nobody seems to care for the old man, or have a reasonable appreciation of his trials. What is he to do, poor old chap, when Romeo, with a bold front and a heart quaking with conscious malfeasance, discloses that during the prevalence of the last full moon but two he and Juliet discovered that they were affinities, and an experience of eight weeks has confirmed them absolutely in that conviction. Being as yet a bachelor of arts not lucrative, Romeo does not feel warranted in asking for an immediate marriage, but feels bound, as a man to whom deception is abhorrent, to put Mr. Capulet in possession of the facts, and learn the conditions, if any, on which he will assent to his daughter's betrothal. Poor old Capulet! He knows the Montagues; a most respectable but too abundant family, with tastes disproportionately polite to the dimensions of their income. He is aware that Romeo is just out of the college where it strained his father's means to keep him, and has yet to make the first practical demonstration of wage-earning capacity. He has no personal objection to Romeo, but he is perfectly aware that to permit his engagement to Juliet is tantamount to a guarantee that an income shall presently be forth-coming on which they may marry; which income, so far as it is possible to forecast, will have to take the form of periodical checks signed "Hiram Capulet."

Poor old Capulet! He doesn't think it fair that honors should be thrust upon him like that. It is too much like holding up his hands at the request of an enterprising brigand. He is not ready to say yes, and knowing that the old man who hesitates is lost, he says no, politely but with decision. He will make no conditions or concessions, nor make himself a party to Romeo's schemes in any shape or manner. So Romeo finds himself left on his own hands, with his fortune still to win, and on such terms with old man Capulet as must make it embarrassing for him to sit for any length of time in the moonlight on the Capulets' garden fence. And all his own fault, too. He had only to hold his tongue and go to work, and he might have led the Capulet german next winter, and worn holes in the carpet under that hospitable family's mahogany, both in town and in the country, for several seasons to come—until, indeed, he could broach his project to the old man with reasonable expectation of a welcome. As it is, of course he isn't necessarily beaten, but he has got an unnecessary set-back, and all because he would try to shift the responsibility of his own enterprise on to shoulders where it did not belong. And not only has he damaged his own cause, but he has inflicted on the old man a very disagreeable job, which he had not deserved, and which probably made him hate himself for half the night and all the next day.

My counsel-seeker shall do no such thing as that. He may adore Juliet from her hat-pin to the heels of her slippers just as much and just as long as she will let him, and he may impart to her such discreet intimation of his sentiments as he thinks it profitable to disclose and she to hear; but upon the old man he shall not intrude until affairs are in such a state that his consent has become merely a felicitous incident of an inevitable event. It is not the young fellow that wants his girl that the old man respects, but the man who is ready to take her. The story is familiar (and doubtless autobiographical) of the eminent American humorist who, having made up his mind that it was time to speak, approached the old man, inquiring, "Judge, have you noticed anything going on between Miss Lizzie and me?" And getting a negative response, retorted, "Well, Judge, look sharp and you will." The eminent humorist's method was rather more abrupt than I should recommend, but it showed the right spirit, such as can only be shown by the right man at the right time. If my young friend should prove to have reached a crisis of this sort, and is not ready to meet it in just such a spirit, I shall recommend him to lie low, and if he feels that he must tackle the old man now, to take counsel of a recent comic paper and do it by letter anonymously.

E. S. Martin.

HOW I PHOTOGRAPHED THE KAISER.

BY HENRY W. FISCHER.

It was at the beginning of the summer of 1890 that I made the acquaintance of John Russell, the well-known London photographer, while journeying from London to Berlin. Just before reaching the Prussian frontier this gentleman, who was an occupant of the same railway carriage, begged my assistance in his prospective encounter with the Custom-house officials, who were to greet us at the next station. He said he had his paraphernalia and a large number of plates in a trunk, and was afraid the duty-mongers might injure them in inspecting his baggage.

"I am commanded by the German Emperor to come to Berlin for the purpose of taking their Majesties' pictures for the London Marine Exhibition," he said. "This paper from the imperial court marshal, containing the royal summons, should suffice to protect my outfit from being disturbed."

I took the paper, and presented it upon our arrival to the chief officer, who read the document with respectful mien, and after addressing a number of pointed questions to Mr. Russell, marked his trunk with the talismanic chalk.

We returned to the carriage very well satisfied, but were routed out a few minutes later by another brass-buttoned mogul, who commanded us in an imperative manner to open our baggage. It was in vain that we protested against this unwarranted disturbance; the gentleman refused even to look at the letter from the court marshal. The trunk was opened, its contents were rudely turned over, and half a dozen large plates smashed. Not until this was accomplished did the brass-buttoned mogul express his satisfaction with the proceedings, and allow us to depart in peace.

Friday, May 28th, was the day appointed by his Majesty for the sitting. "You will please be in readiness at the Neues Palais, Potsdam, at 7 A.M.," read the royal summons.

Potsdam, though a town of some twenty thousand inhabitants, offers but scant hotel accommodations, and Mr. Russell had therefore put up at the Hôtel de Rome, in Berlin, where I joined him at five o'clock on Friday morning; for we had agreed that I should accompany him on his errand in the capacity of an assistant.

The "cabbie" who was to take us to the station gave us a long ride through back alleys and side streets for the purpose of increasing his fare, and consequently landed us at the station just ten minutes after the first train had left. I therefore telegraphed to his Majesty at Potsdam the unfortunate cause of our delay, and craved his pardon. An hour and fifteen minutes after the appointed time we drew up in the court-yard of the castle, where we were received by a majestic equerry, who shouted at the top of his voice that his Majesty was waiting.

"I am extremely sorry," I answered, assuming the part of spokesman; "we have telegraphed our excuses to his Majesty."

"I know," cried the equerry. "That was adding insolence to unpardonable negligence."

A lackey in the black, silver, and red livery of the Hohenzollerns then took us in hand, and conducted us to the great vestibule of the palace, one corner of which had been reserved for our instruments. Herr von Moltke, adjutant to the Emperor, met us there to interview the photographer on the question of what his Majesty should wear for the occasion. Mr. Russell submitted that an English admiral's dress would be the most suitable for a picture to be hung in the Naval Exhibition. Word was accordingly sent to his Majesty, who expressed a willingness to don his English uniform at once, and a boatswain of the Kaiser's River Marine Corps, who was in attendance at the castle, was called upon to assist the Emperor in his toilet. After a few minutes this valet came to inquire whether it would make a more effective picture if his Majesty wore his cocked hat. Mr. Russell sent back word that the Prince of Wales in a similar instance had advised holding the hat in the hand.

Meanwhile we had been conducted to the delightful veranda, or porch, in front of the Kaiser's own apartments in the left wing of the palace, where we set up the camera, focussing it upon a well-lighted spot which the photographer had selected for the Emperor's stand. I, in my capacity of flunky, was still engaged in laying down a small rug, when the Emperor made his appearance, with a hearty "Good-morning, gentlemen."

It had long been my ambition to speak to this august person, and I quickly grasped the opportunity by repeating the excuses already offered in our telegram, but the Emperor cut me short by saying, with a wave of his hand "It doesn't signify. Let's proceed."

He then walked to the spot the photographer had selected for him, and for a full hour placed himself at our disposal, following the artist's slightest suggestion with a readiness and amiability seldom met with in any man of position and dignity while undergoing the fatiguing process of posing in twenty different positions before a camera.

This, then, was William the Second, of whom the whole world is talking, who is alternately reviled and applauded to the skies, who is said to be immeasurably proud and disdainful, and whom his enemies are wont to depict as a semi-invalid and a victim of approaching insanity.

I had this illustrious man under my mental magnifying-glass for fully one hour, and not his slightest movement escaped my rigid observation. He is not a tall man, as you know, but his presence nevertheless is imposing. His limbs are powerful, and his chest broad. On a somewhat short stout neck sits a ruddy and firm face, the forehead expansive and full of meaning. His Majesty has a fine nose, and large liquid blue eyes, that, despite the semi-inquisitive directness with which they look into the world and the imperious mien they so often assume, are capable of looking kind and considerate.

After the first sitting Mr. Russell whispered to me, "I have caught his eyes splendidly, just at the moment when they fell on that little dog yonder I am so glad." There was a little dachshund chasing about the veranda, who seemed anxious to get on the Emperor's picture. Neither the alluring tones in which the lackeys called to him from a distance nor a well-directed but kindly kick from his Majesty were able to divert the little beast from his purpose. So much devotion seemed to touch the Emperor's heart at last, and when the dog tried to climb up his leg for the tenth time, looking into his face pleadingly, his Majesty bowed down, lifted up the little creature in his arms, and ordered Mr. Russell to photograph him in this position, "for his boys, *nota bene*, *not* for the Marine Exposition," as he laughingly remarked.

The Kaiser's movements were swift, almost rapid, but not without grace. He never seemed to hesitate for one moment about his wants or doings, and chatted with the photographer about his (the photographer's) art with a freeness and precision that were, indeed, amazing. He seemed to be fully aware of the effects of light and shade in photography, and took his positions with a fine appreciation of these elements.

Time and again I have seen it stated in print and heard it remarked that one of the great cares that make life a burden to the Emperor is his constant endeavor to conceal his disfigured and withered left hand from observation. During the hour I was in attendance upon the Kaiser I found that just the opposite was the fact. Mr. Russell and myself exhausted every conceivable scheme to induce his Majesty to assume a position which would hide his deformity. He frustrated them all, in a kindly manner, as if he saw through our little game, and took special delight in spoiling it.

The left hand of the Kaiser is not deformed so as to be unsightly. It is small and apparently weak, like that of a child. The arm is at least four inches shorter than the right arm, but its upper part seems well built. It is not true that the Emperor is obliged to lift and carry his left arm with his right hand when, perchance, he wants the left to rest on his sword, or sit on his hip while on horseback. The left hand works quite naturally, and the Emperor uses it freely.

His Majesty's right hand is very strongly developed. It is red, almost massive, and reminded me of the "terrible right" of John L. Sullivan. The Kaiser lavishes on this right hand a surprising superfluity of rings, that sparkle with immense diamonds and brilliants.

"Have you ever seen the uniform of my Garde du Corps?" asked the Emperor, when we had exhausted the possibilities of the Admiral's dress.

Mr. Russell had not, but I assured the Kaiser that it would look very well indeed on a photograph.

"If that is the case," said the Emperor, "please have your instruments carried to the park in the rear of the palace, and await me at the beginning of the high-road to the commons. I will ride over to the parade in fifteen minutes, and will give you a sitting on horseback before leaving."

The Kaiser was as good as his word, and before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, appeared with his cavalcade of adjutants, court officials, and lackeys at the point mentioned. It was a most picturesque sight. The Master of the Horse in his scarlet and gold uniform rode at the head of the proud column, followed by a number of grooms in the splendid livery of the royal house. Then came two of the Kaiser's adjutants, one of whom wore the gorgeous Garde du Corps dress, with the black iron cuirass and the eagle-crowned silver helmet. The other, Herr von Moltke, a nephew of the late Field-Marshal, and a young man of immense proportions and a kindly face, wore an infantry uniform set off by much silver ornamentation. Immediately after them followed the Kaiser on a graceful black charger. He looked the very perfection of a picturesque and heroic rider. His strong, bronzed face had perhaps a less pleasing aspect under the heavy silver helmet, but it bespoke the man's high position and his quality as the "war lord," the title given him by the constitution of the new empire.

While the Emperor was posing for us, the spirited horse became restless on account of the flies, and the Emperor beckoned the adjutants, who had halted at a distance, to his side.

Then occurred a rather funny example of courtly etiquette. Herr von Moltke, who had first perceived the royal summons, galloped at once to the side of his master, who told him in a very few words what was wanted. The adjutant raised his hand to his helmet, bowed, and wheeling around his horse, rode over to the spot where the Master of the Horse, all scarlet and gold, was halting. To him he repeated the Kaiser's orders, and this gentleman raised his gold-headed riding-whip, which was the signal for one of the mounted lackeys standing in the rear to approach. The lackey was of course not allowed to ride past his Majesty, so he turned his horse's head into a side alley, rode along the alley till he was within jumping distance of the Master of the Horse, and then, without a moment's hesitation, urged his beast to bound across a deep ditch which separated the alley from the grand road. He landed close before the Master, and, with uncovered head, received from him the Kaiser's orders for a "fly-chaser"—third hand, so to speak. Immediately upon the Master of the Horse finishing his sentence of command, the lackey wheeled about, repeated his dangerous voltigeur experiment, and then galloped at full speed to the castle, where he summoned two of his unmounted colleagues lounging on the piazza. These men immediately started off on a run towards the spot where the Emperor was halting, tore off a few branches from the trees while on the way, and proceeded to wipe off the flies from the silky coat of his Majesty's charger. And all this occurred within the space of about one minute.

Mr. Russell took three or four excellent likenesses of his Majesty while on horseback, which, however, availed us little, as all the plates were smashed on the way back to England. During the progress of the work I had an opportunity to admire the Kaiser's perfect horsemanship. The Hohenzollerns are not noted for their sporting attributes in general, and the late Emperor William, for instance, was never able to ride a horse that had not been thoroughly tired out by some other rider in the yard of the royal mews before it was led out for him.

Emperor Frederick was a good enough rider on parades and festive occasions, when no special skill in handling the horse was required, but this same *chevaleresque* Fritz would have cut a very sorry figure at a steeple-chase or behind a fox.

Kaiser Wilhelm not only *looks* well, he also *sits* well, in the saddle, in which he seems at perfect ease, wheeling about and manœuvring with great skill. The horse he was riding the morning I speak of was a great, frisky animal, all nerves and excitement, as his name Extase implies.

When the Kaiser rode away, with a hearty "good-morning" and "many thanks," I could not resist the temptation of attempting to arrest for the moment the progress of this impetuous young man, the ruler of the greatest country on the face of the earth, in one respect at least. "Your Majesty," I cried, "are we allowed to wait here for the Empress?"

The Kaiser, who was on the point of starting his horse at a run, turned half round, and raising his hand to his helmet, answered, in polite tones: "You may wait here, gentlemen, and pay your respects to her Majesty. I will send you word to the Hôtel de Rome when the Empress will be able to sit for you."

Then he rode away, followed by his suite, who eyed me curiously for the liberty I had taken with their stern master.

Thursday, June 4th, was the day when, by royal command, Mr. Russell was requested to attend the Empress in the Neues Palais. This time we arrived promptly, and, better still, found a royal carriage waiting for us at the station. But, upon alighting, we were informed that the Kaiserin had not yet returned from Kiel.

"Her Majesty is expected within a few minutes," said the Court Marshal, who at the same time gave us permission to view the palace and visit all the chambers and apartments not immediately occupied by their Majesties or the imperial princes.

We gladly accepted the gentleman's invitation, and forthwith entered upon a lengthy stroll through the big palace, which was built by Frederick the Great after the close of the seven years' war, for the purpose of proving to the world that the resources of the Prussian state were not yet exhausted, as his enemies were wont to assert.

Mr. Russell finally decided upon the royal billiard-room as presenting the most picturesque possibilities as the apartment in which we were to photograph her Majesty. This is a magnificent chamber on the ground-floor, decorated in the most ornate manner, resplendent with color and rich hangings. The windows come down to the ground, and the light enters the apartment through purple silk curtains embroidered in gold. On the walls are a number of costly marine paintings, representing the Brandenburg navy in the Great Electors' times. I understand that the Emperor, who is an enthusiast on everything connected with his marine, delights in spending an hour after dinner in this room to talk over his plans for the hoped-for great German navy with his friends of the *Maison militaire* and an occasional admiral who may happen to be in the neighborhood of the royal headquarters. The furniture in the billiard-room is mounted in tortoise-shell and gold bronze, with upholstering of variegated brilliant and sombre stuff.

After we had been in the room for some time a lackey appeared, and cautioned us not to proceed any further on our journey of discovery, as we were at the time separated from the Kaiser's private writing-room only by a single door. The poor man was breathless and excited beyond belief when he entered the apartment, but seemed very much relieved when he found us where we were. Mr. Russell then proceeded to arrange a charming and artistic background for her Majesty's photograph by utilizing the splendid fauteuils, screens, and table drapery to their best advantage. Then we sat down and waited the coming of her Majesty. In a very few minutes we received a message in the Kaiserin's own handwriting announcing that she would wear a toilet of sea-green silk.

Fifteen minutes later the Empress entered by way of the Kaiser's writing-room, followed by her lady-in-waiting, the Countess Keller, and her eldest boy, Crown-Prince Frederick William. Her Majesty greeted us in a most gracious and unaffected manner, speaking English with much less accent than we detected in the English of the Emperor. She is tall and commanding in appearance, her hands and feet are delicate, and her features, while not beautiful, are pleasant, attractive, and indicative of high intelligence.

Her costume was an exquisite shade of light green flowered silk, demi-train, and cut décolleté, but modestly so, not after the fashion prescribed by court etiquette. Her arms and neck are of beautiful shape, and her skin is perfect in its whiteness.

Her Majesty walked to the farther end of the room, where we had arranged the place for her, and signified her readiness to sit for the picture. As she sat there in an easy and graceful pose upon one of the well-modelled chairs, with a portion of the rich golden hangings forming a tasteful foil to her light dress, she appeared to me every inch an Empress.

Although her Majesty is wont to laugh, and to respond to the respectful bow of even her humblest subject with a gracious smile, the photographer did not succeed in persuading her to adopt the general rule and look "as pleasant as possible" into the camera's eye. Perhaps her Majesty had received special instructions from her lord and master on this point, or perhaps she thought it wise to assume an especially dignified mien for the Britishers. She laughed and chatted pleasantly with her companion and her boy, and permitted Mr. Russell to arrange her dress and surroundings for the photograph with almost unceremonious ease, but her forehead became thoughtful and her mouth firmly set every time the fatal moment arrived.

The Crown Prince took a most intelligent interest in everything that was going on. He assisted us in getting the apparatus in position, and, for one of his years, displayed an attentive disposition that gave fair promise of a brilliant future. Frederick William is a decided blond, stout, and apparently healthy. His face bears a serious look, and he seems to be a child not much given to violent play or sportive exercise. He spoke English with the same fluency as his mother, and with even less accent, and displayed the manners of an English boy brought up in one of the refined country homes where the perfection of child-training is supposed to prevail. What astonished me most was the threadbareness of the clothes the future German Emperor wore on that occasion. He had on a blue sailor suit that must have seen at least a twelvemonth of hard usage. It was shiny at the knees and elbows, and there was a very perceptible patch on the seat of his trousers. He seemed to adore his mother, and followed her slightest movements with his large blue eyes.

When Mr. Russell had used up half his available plates, her Majesty asked him if he had time to take her in a different dress. The photographer assured the Kaiserin that he would only be "too glad," and the Empress started to go to the next room, where her maids were waiting for her.

"You will not leave me again, mamma," cried the Crown-Prince, unceremoniously taking hold of her dress.

"No fear, my boy," answered the Empress, bowing low to kiss his forehead.

Mr. Russell and I awaited the Empress's return in the garden, where we were joined by the little Crown-Prince, who was running to and from his mother's dressing-room to watch the progress of her toilet. Presently he came to bid us re enter the billiard-room, saying, in his soft childish voice, "*Tout de suite*, gentlemen; her Majesty is waiting."

The Empress had donned a black dress, demi-train, and cut décolleté; with this she wore magnificent diamonds.

"There are some beautiful ferns in bronze pots standing in the next room," said her Majesty, addressing me as Mr. Russell's presumable flunky; "will you try and fetch them?"

It was hard work to execute the Empress's order, but I succeeded, and at the same time took occasion to look into the Kaiser's newspaper rack.

It is generally supposed that the Kaiser reads no end of daily journals, but I found represented in his private room only two exponents of public opinion, namely, the Cologne *Gazette* and the organ of German Junkers, the *Kreuzzeitung*.

When Mr. Russell had made six more negatives of her Majesty, the Kaiserin smilingly remarked that his stock of plates must be exhausted as well as her patience. "I thank you very much," she said, on leaving, "and hope you will lunch in the palace."

It is needless to say that we accepted the invitation with pleasure; we had not tasted food or drink for six hours. But who was to attend to our wants?

We asked this question of the porters and lackeys, but they refused to enlighten us; "it wasn't their business, you know." Then the thought struck us that the Hofcourier who had sent us the carriage in the morning might be in charge of the luncheon department.

"Very sorry indeed," he said. "Her Majesty's Lord of the Bedchamber is the proper person to see in a matter of that kind, and he has just taken a ride. Perhaps the Herr Legationsrath will oblige you."

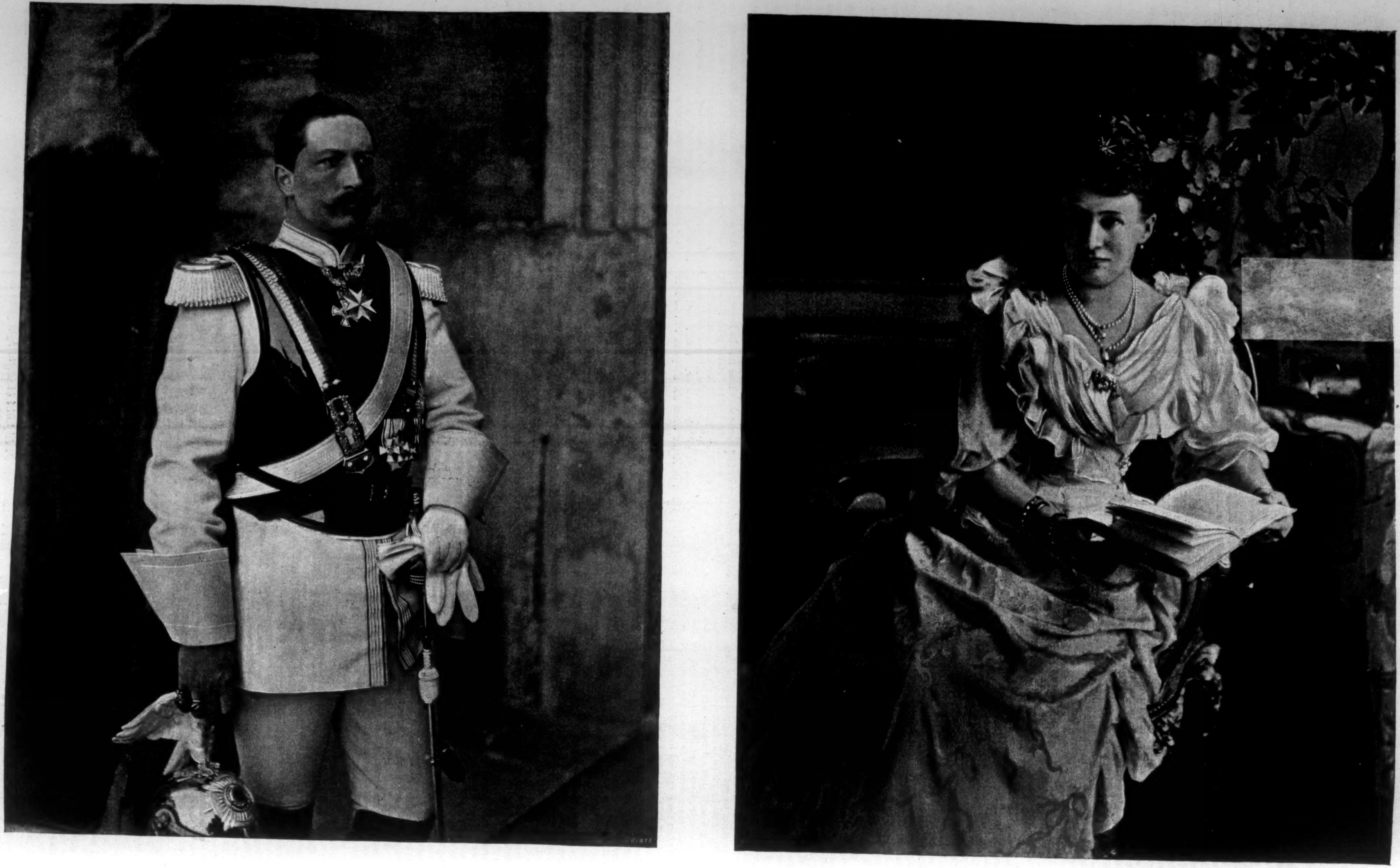
The Herr Legationsrath was found after a good deal of trouble behind a big beer-mug and a lot of clerks in one of the inner chambers of the castle. He made us repeat our humble petition for food twice over, and then told us to go to the *petite* dining-hall in the southern wing of the palace. We had hardly sat down there when a buxom lass appeared and proceeded to lay the table. Before she got through, however, two royal lackeys entered, took up the table-cloth by its four ends and told the girl to carry it away, with all it contained of plates and silver-ware. The men servants then brought in a table-cloth of silk damask and a dinner set bearing the stamp of the Sèvres manufacture. The glasses were of the finest crystal, heavily ornamented with gold, of which metal the spoons, forks, and the handles of the knives were also fashioned.

"Her Majesty has given orders to serve you in the best style," said one of the lackeys; "that is the reason we have changed the dinner service."

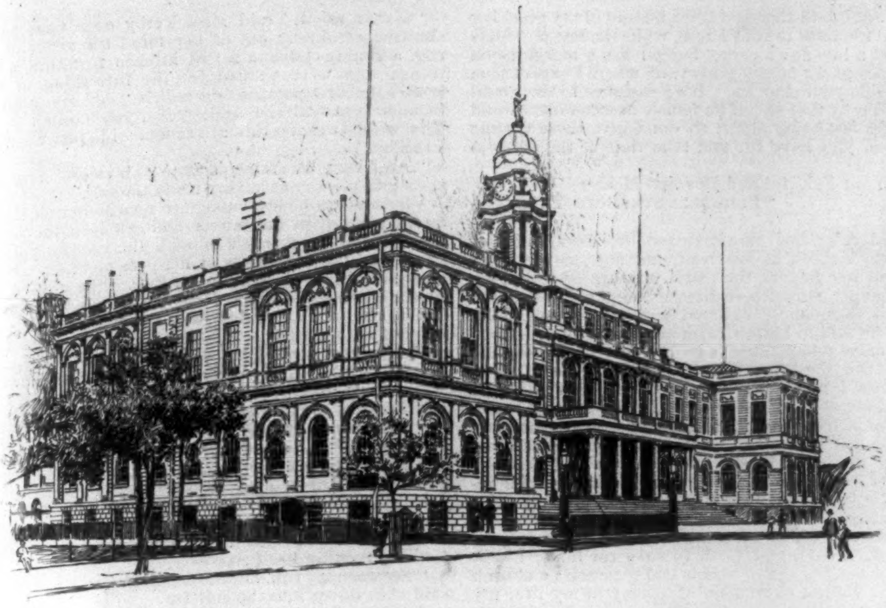
The luncheon was very good, and the cooking had a delightful French flavor Wine was served in profusion, and instead of the dreaded German champagne, a bottle of sparkling Heidsieck made its appearance.

With the cognac and cigars, the arrival of the carriage was announced which was to convey Mr. Russell and myself to the Potsdam city railway station. A four-horse brake was at the same time summoned for Mr. Russell's paraphernalia.

I suppose we both must have assumed a very haughty demeanor while travelling to the station in the royal coach, for we were greeted on our way with the utmost respect by all the passers-by. They probably took us for foreign princes. When we passed through the main street one old gentleman, on perceiving the carriage, rushed to the gutter end of the sidewalk, and let his left hand drop to the seam of his trousers, while in his right he held his hat, bowing profoundly all the while. His example was quickly followed by other pedestrians, and even ladies and children joined in the expressions of loyalty. It was very embarrassing, and we were glad when we were allowed to emerge from the royal coach and mix with the crowd of commoners on the platform.

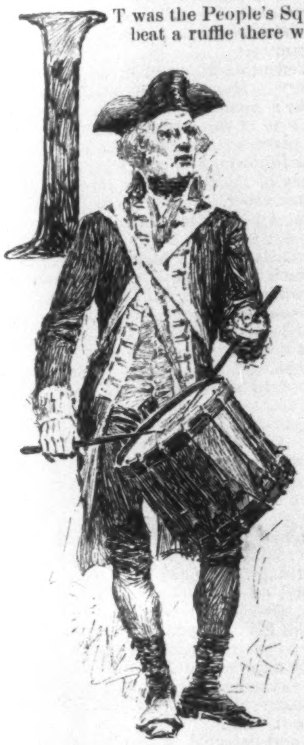


THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF GERMANY.—[SEE "HOW I PHOTOGRAPHED THE KAISER," ON PAGE 954.]



CITY HALL SQUARE.

BY A. E. WATROUS—ILLUSTRATED BY F. V. DU MOND.



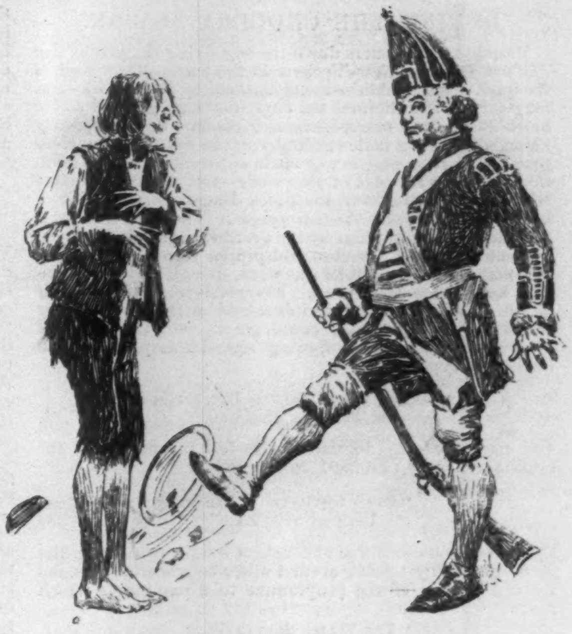
IT was the People's Square once, and now it is the Politicians'. If Washington's drums beat a ruffle there where the mail-wagons thunder now for the reading of the Declaration at the head of each Continental regiment, or if young Jacob Milborne should there arraign his foes from the foot of the gallows of martyrdom, or should the redcoats come swinging across from Chambers Street to chop down the Liberty Pole, or should the withering howl of the Doctors' Mob, drowning the supplications for order of Hamilton and Jay and Clinton, be heard again where now the Brooklyn citizen scurries for his Bridge train, would that wolfish crowd that swirls about the plaza hearken or heed?

Nay; it is too busy. "Hungry Greek" must "meet hungry Greek" there, in and about the Mayor's office and the Council Chamber, and wrestle and tug and buffet till one cries, "Hold, the office is thine!" If jaded judge or haggard lawyer, stemming the strong sea of litigation there in Tweed's Court-house, lose a stroke he will assuredly be swept under. If clerk or office-boy taking his fifteen-cent and fifteen-second snack there in the cheap eating-houses along the Row be more than fifteen seconds about it, he will have more leisure than wages on his hands at the end of the week. And why should First Citizen or Second Citizen give heed? For if aught should happen in the City Hall Square from the assemblage there of the mighty ghosts of all the mighty spirits of good and evil that have in its two centuries and a half possessed it, to the falling of a sparrow on the asphalt, will not a great crowd of sharp-pencilled witnesses swoop down from those high buildings along its edge, so that for a penny First Citizen may read and know it all by elevated lamp-light as he hangs at eve to an elevated-car strap, while Second Citizen, reading too for another penny, punches him abstractedly in the stomach with an umbrella handle?

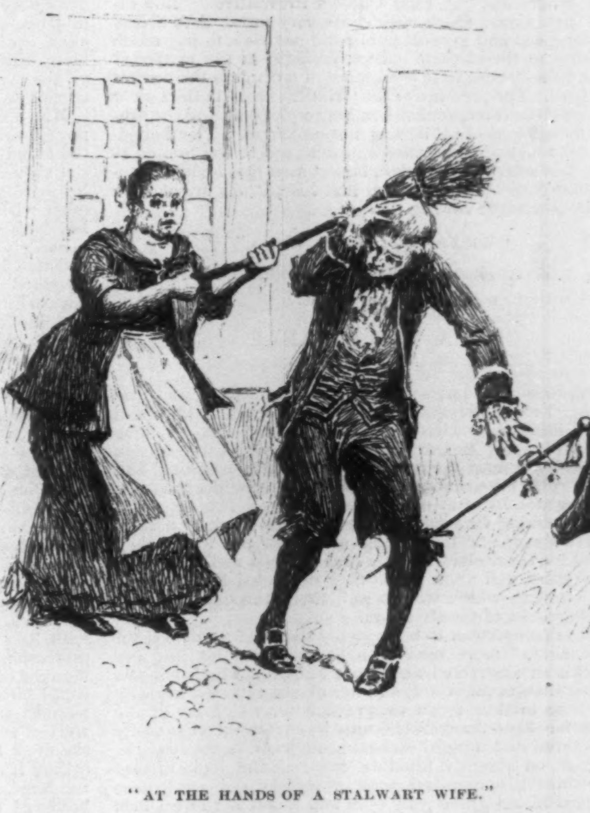
Surely it is no longer the People's Square. If it were, could the politicians have stolen six million dollars out of it from under the People's swarming noses? But it was once the Square of the People who, though they lived on Manhattan Island, wept and cursed to see their Governor done to death within its limits.

That was two hundred years ago and more; to be sure—mid-May, 1691. There was a drizzle of cold rain, saith the chronicle, which dampened the sheepskin and muffled the rattle of the drums rolling up from the City Hall and Jail at Coenties Slip, with Jacob Leisler and Jacob Milborne on the death-cart behind, driven to a shameful end on the gallows there where the mail-wagons rattle now, for having made the *salus populi* their warrant for assuming authority. Well

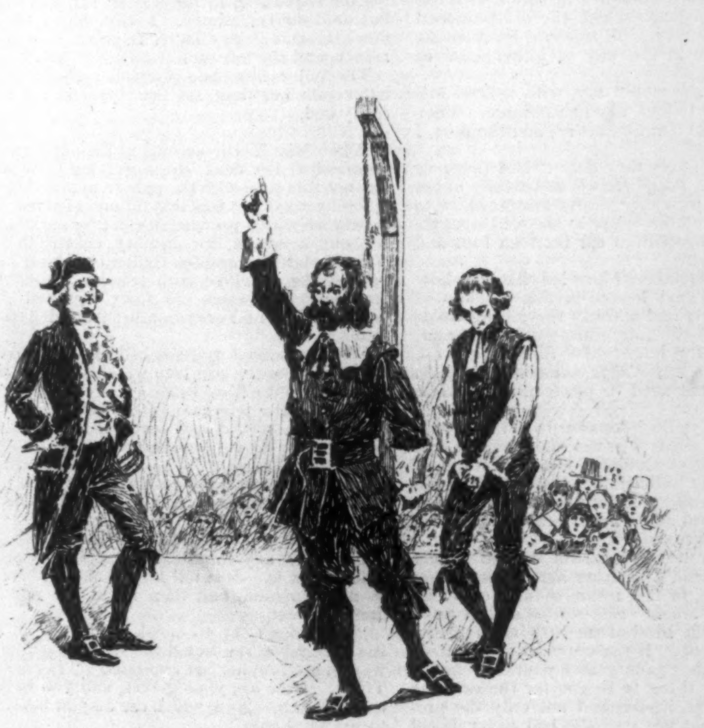
(Continued on page 959.)



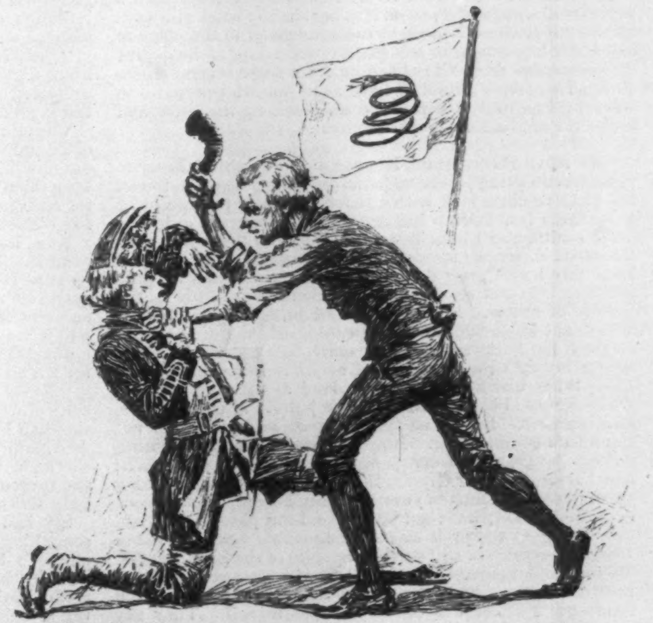
"THE SMOKING FOOD KICKED INTO THE YARD."



"AT THE HANDS OF A STALWART WIFE."



"FOR THIS I SHALL IMPLEAD YOU BEFORE THE BAR OF GOD."



"ONE DAY A BOY VANQUISHED THE SCARLET PERSECUTOR WITH A RAM'S HORN."

DURING THE CHOLERA SEASON.

THE fleet of steamers down the bay flying the yellow flag did not frighten New-Yorkers in the least. They read of the quarantine established against them by other cities—and laughed. After the first ten days they only glanced at the head-lines in the newspapers, and cholera was completely knocked out by a fistic encounter in the South. The close proximity of the plague was made apparent by a little additional care on the part of the public—but it didn't interfere with business except at the Stock Exchange, which is run by very nervous and skittish people. The fruit trade suffered somewhat, to judge by the overflowing stock displayed by many dealers. Peaches and grapes seemed to be very reasonable; but the public was wary, though it did not manifest any undue excitement. Everybody read the circular of the Board of Health, and developed a fad for drinking boiled water—when they could get it. On the menu of many a restaurant the following legend was prominent in bold-faced type:

"BOILED WATER SERVED EXCLUSIVELY
FOR DRINKING PURPOSES."

The purveyors of stimulants, who felt the effects of the caution generally exercised, announced

"ONLY DISTILLED WATER IS
USED AT THIS BAR."

Even the theatres, where the ushers sought to assauge the general thirst by passing around water between the acts, devoted a portion of the programme to a paragraph which read,

"THE WATER SERVED HERE
IS CARBONATED MINERAL WATER."

And as every line in a theatre programme is read at least once, the audience knew just what they had to drink, and were pleased.

Various drug stores about town advertised "The Sun's Cholera Mixture, prepared from the Original Formula," while others had "A Sure Cholera Preventive." But beyond these signs, which were cautionary rather than alarming, the great and general public did not seem to pay much attention to the cholera, except, perhaps, in the matter of eating fish—which were even more of a drug on the market than fruit. The presence of the "cholera fleet" in the Lower Bay made the thought of fish rather unpleasant, and the fish-dealers suffered—but it was not apparent. The boiled-water fad met with the most approval, and it was quoted as a fact that a certain milkman, honest man that he was, actually sought to allay any alarm that his patrons might have felt, by candidly avowing that

"WE USE ONLY BOILED WATER."

The milkman, however, cannot be identified, nor the story sworn to.

ON A FIELD SABLE.

BY KATHARINE FESTETITS.

TWELVE o'clock had sounded some minutes ago, and Miss Virginia Yerby, sitting at her desk in the Patent Office, had pushed aside her "briefs" for the time, and was assuming to eat her lunch. All around her other clerks of the division were really eating theirs—gay young girls laughing and chattering over their chocolate éclairs; stout, practical matrons disposing stolidly of thick boarding-house sandwiches; thin, nervous-looking spinsters nibbling bakers' trash as a mere accompaniment to the strong creamless tea which they brewed for themselves in little clubs of two and three over a gas-fixture, and upon which they depended for the factitious strength which was to pull them through the long dragging tasks of the afternoon.

All of them seemed to be enjoying the brief "interval for refreshments" more than Miss Yerby. She bit into her roll with an abstracted air of not knowing whether it was tougher than usual or not, and her glance reverted moodily from time to time to an unopened letter which lay on the desk before her—unopened because its contents were so easily conjectured that the girl seemed in no haste to verify them, but went on absently nibbling her roll, the look of care meanwhile not unmixed with a certain sad annoyance deepened in her grave gray eyes and about her sweet firm lips.

She folded up her little fringed napkin presently with a suppressed sigh, and replaced it in her shabby black silk bag: all the "lady clerks" brought their luncheon to the office in black silk bags, more or less shabby, according to the degree of remoteness from Christmas or from their several birthdays. Then, with a resolute look, as of one who prepares to meet the inevitable disagreeable, she took up the letter and broke the old-fashioned splotchy seal.

"MY DEAR DAUGHTER," it began, and the sight of the tremulous handwriting feebly traced in ladylike pale ink softened the girl's resolute look with a touch of tender patience—"I write these few lines to inform you that I am not enjoying good health, and I hope it will not find you the same. My rumatism distresses me dreadfully this winter, and it seems as if this house grew damper all the time. Like its pore mistress, it is getting old and no account—wore out in the service of others. If I could afford to keep better fires, it would not be so bad, but I don't think of indulging myself in these hard times. Ah, it is sadly differnt from what it was in my dear Father's day. Every Virginia gentleman in those times had as much woods land as farming, and the great logs used to be piled up to the jams in kitchen, parlor, and chamber. But those times is past, and you must not think I am complaining. No. I've learned in my declining days to be grateful for *any* mercies, no matter *how* small; and I trust, my dear Ginnie, that you too are cultivating a spirit of thankfulness to your heavenly Parent. I hope your appetite is good; but then you have, I am pleased to think, everything to tempt it at the fashionable boarding-house where I see you are still staying, in spite of the high charges. My own is but pore. Friends tell me if I was to coax it with beef tea, oysters, fresh eggs, and the like soft nourishing food—but I never was one to pamper myself. They say also that I ought to have a bit of fur for my neck, now that the cold weather is coming on. But I tell them my daughter needs all the fine clothes to keep up with her gay society in Washin'ton, and my text is, 'The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' Do take care of yourself, my dear Ginnie; don't wear your stren'th out working for that miserable black Republican gov'ment. If it wasn't for them, we should be living still in the midst of our broad ancesterl acres, instead of my pinching in one or two rooms of the old house, while the rest moulders to decay; and a low-down carpet-bagger has a morgidge on everything except the family graveyard, where I expect soon to be laid beside your dear Pa. It's a disgrace to the proud old name of Yerby that one of its female descendants should be *working for her living* at all; so don't give those tyrants any more than you have to; and take time at the office to write oftener to

Your Faithful and Devoted Mother,
"PERMELIA STANHOPE YERBY."

A dark red color had slowly tinged the clear pallor of Virginia Yerby's cheek as she read, and now, as the letter dropped from her fingers, the usual mixture of feelings—shame, pity, anger, surprise—consequent upon most of the epistles from that source agitated her loyal young soul. "Mother!" she said to herself, with an almost bitter intonation of the name which lingers so lovingly on most girls' lips. "How can she bring herself to write to me so, when she knows how I pinch myself to send her every dollar I can? And those old Tabbies who set her on to goad me in this way know it too. Heavens! I give her nearly half my salary; on the rest I have to live at a fashionable boarding-house. Poor mother! If she could only see its shabby gentility, taste of the dainties of its table—that roll, for instance, that I've just worked my way through! And my dress—well," with a little shrug of her graceful shoulders, "I don't know anybody else whose grogram-gray lasts quite so long as mine. I walk back and forth to save car fares; I shut my eyes to the temptations of violets and caramels; a church sociable is the wildest expression of gayety in my life; my one only piece of selfishness—" But here some swift soft recollection coaxed away for a moment the look of hurt protest from the girl's face. It returned, however, with deepened intensity as she went on with her bitter inward colloquy. "The few dollars I squeeze from my actual necessities, month by month, to help make *that* possible one of these days—I suppose they will have to go too. And yet, for Heaven's sake, what does she do, what *can* she do, with all the money I send her? No house-rent to pay, the garden worked on shares and full of vegetables, the orchard of fruit, old Aunt Thany there to look after poultry and eggs, her clothes lasting forever—*what* can she want with more money? And *why* doesn't she have all the fires and all the oysters she wants, when there are the woods and the creek's shore right at hand?"

Miss Yerby sat looking straight before her, perplexed, annoyed, pained, for a little; then, with an effort, she cleared the cloudy flush from her face. "Oh, well, poor mother!" she sighed. "She has had a great deal to try her all these last hard years since father died. She shall never have another wish ungratified that I can help. I am young yet, and he—he is not a bit old. We can wait a little longer."

She picked up her letter, put it back into the envelope, and that into her bag, and then addressed herself with determined steadiness to her afternoon's work. It seemed perhaps a little duller, drier, drearier than usual, this breathless winding in and out of the mazes of deeds, assignments, transfers, in search of clews adroitly hidden in thick meshes of legal verbiage; but she plodded on with patient perseverance, until at length four o'clock struck the welcome signal of dismissal. Miss Yerby rose from her desk with the others, arranged and locked it, and fell in with the crowd on their way to the dressing-room. She did not linger to-day for even the ordinary brief kindly chat with her fellows. She avoided the enforced contact of the elevator, and took her way alone down the long steep flights of stairs, through the great pillared portico, down the broad outer marble steps, and so out into the wide windy street.

The dust was blowing there as if from all quarters of the earth at once; bits of paper, sticks, and withered leaves were whirled upon the November blast. Miss Yerby shivered, coming out from the close, heated office. Her coat was none too thick, and dating two winters back, was not provided with the "storm-collar" which to-day offers such grateful protection from a sudden change of weather. She had thought of buying a little Astrakhan tippet with which to supplement it. The long soft boas into whose caressing warmth she noticed so many fair young throats nestling were of course not to be aspired to. She found herself, as she drew her black silk muffler closer about her neck, recalling involuntarily her mother's favorite winter garment, the large double Paisley shawl of finest cream-white wool, bordered with richly woven arabesques in soft dull dove-colors, a relic of ancient elegance which the old-fashioned gentlewoman preferred to any stiff, modern, businesslike imitation of mannish attire in the way of jacket, coat, or ulster.

"Females in my day," she would say, with a little bridling dignity, "did not try to look like men, Ginnie. They preferred their own graceful feminine attire; and the men, I think, preferred it for them."

Virginia thought it very likely they did. "But fancy us office-tramps taking time to drape shawls artistically about our shoulders in the dark hurrying winter mornings, or to keep them from being torn off our backs in the wild struggle for standing-room in a metropolitan car between four and five o'clock of an afternoon!"

Now, however, as she remembered how ladylike and how comfortable her mother always looked in this garment of by-gone elegance, how softly and warmly the creamy folds gathered themselves about the fair, slim, withered throat, and met there the fall of the large black thread-lace veil, which was another relic of better days, she could not help a puzzled wonder as to what need or place more could be for "a bit of fur" in addition.

"Never mind," she said again, in answer to her own vain conjecture; "whether she needs it or not, she wants it, and she shall have what she wants so long as I can get it for her." And pulling herself together with another little irrepressible shiver, as the sharp wind came whirling round the corner, she turned into Ninth Street and walked briskly along the busy thoroughfare to the Avenue.

She had some trouble in finding what she wanted. Only something soft and fine would suit either her mother or her mother's Paisley; and this, in fur, meant money, of which Miss Yerby had none too much. She settled at last upon a small sable collar, with the head of the little animal serving to hold the fastening loop. It was not what she wanted; she thought it looked rather jaunty and youthful; but it was the most satisfactory thing to be got for the sum she could spend; and as it was, it absorbed not only the projected Astrakhan collar, but the sum she had never failed since she had been "promoted" to put by for a certain secret purpose, which, until it approached fulfilment more nearly, she had not been able to speak of to a mother who was just a little "peculiar."

"Never mind," said Miss Yerby once more to herself, shutting resolutely out of her mind the vision of a parlor rug, a dining-table, a set of kitchen furniture, a hundred things that were wanted for the furnishing of the little house, the first payment on which "he" was almost ready to make. Aloud she said: "No, you needn't put it up. The wind is sharp this afternoon. I'll just wear it home, I reckon."

"And very becoming it is to you, miss," remarked the shop-girl, pleased at having made the sale.

Virginia was honest enough to own to herself that it was, as she glanced in the mirror, and saw how the soft-shaded brown of the fur toned in with the creamy pallor of her cheek and the hazel tints of her eyes and hair. It brought a certain girlish pleasure to her face. She nodded, smiling, to the girl as she walked away; and as she reached the street, after threading her way through crowding throngs of "office shoppers," lo! there before her was the sight which is the pleasantest sight on earth—the face which brightens with joy at your coming. In another minute she was tucked up close to the side of a tall hat and overcoat, and a pair of eager brown eyes were smiling down into hers.

"So! Been treating yourself, have you, you reckless little woman?" as the eyes caught sight of the new purchase. "And not pay-day either. How ever do you manage it? I'm so glad. You needed something of the kind; and it's awfully chic—shic—whatever you call it. Only I don't know"—he whispered this mischievously as he helped her up on the car platform—"but I'm jealous of that saucy little head tucking itself so coolly there under your chin."

"So warmly, you mean," laughed Virginia, nestling the said chin down into the soft fur. "But you won't have to suffer from that pet ailment of yours very long, Edward. It isn't mine; I bought it for mother."

"Oh!" The exclamation was involuntary and neutral, but its tone conveyed a certain subtle intimation of what Virginia had before divined—that her betrothed considered her generous to her mother at the cost of justice to herself, and felt even a sense of personal injury in the fact that she sacrificed his liking to see her well dressed to what he chose to consider unauthorized exactions on the part of an elderly lady living in the country.

The car was packed to an indecent excess, as usual; the conductor's urgent cry, "Move up front, please!" was incessant, and Miss Yerby's companion allowed himself to be pushed on with the rest of the struggling mass, instead of quietly holding his place by the corner he had found for her. Virginia's eyes followed him with a certain appealing look, but a fresh entry of tired humanity presently shut off even a glimpse of each other. Her stopping-place came before his. It was almost impossible for him to get out; he chose to find it quite so; and Miss Yerby was obliged to turn the corner into the side street on which her boarding-house stood without so much as a good-by glance. And it was not his evening for coming round! The landlady's daughter was also "keeping steady company," and that young person's mother had blandly suggested that the "courting couples" should not intrude upon each other.

"She needn't ha' looked so high an' mighty about it, neither," she commented afterwards. "I've no patience with the 'ristocratic airs some of these gov'ment clerks put on. Who cares how old their fam'lies be? Some of 'em is old enough theirselves. And it ain't everywhere she'd get the use o' the parlor all to herself three evenin's in a week!"

Never had that same parlor looked dingier and tawdrier to Virginia than it did that same afternoon, as she glanced in on her way up to her own sky-chamber; and even that small refuge, to which she had contrived to impart something of a homelike look, wore to-day a bare and forlorn aspect. She did not take off her things. She had to go out again to the express-office, to send off her mother's tippet, and she regarded it now a little drearily as she loosed it from her neck and prepared to make it into a parcel. "It was a foolish thing for me to do, to wear it at all," she said to herself. "Of course it is only natural that Edward—when even I—Still, I had rather have no secrets from him, dear old fellow!" She tied up the package, wrote the address, and went out again into the dust and wind.

Returning, weary and dejected, to dinner and to bed, she took her mother's letter out of her pocket to put it away. A certain bit of cramped writing crowded into one corner, which had escaped her notice before, now caught her eye, and holding the sheet up to the light, she made it out.

"If you should feel as if you could afford," it said, "to get me something in the way of fur, don't buy it yourself, but send me the money. I may change my mind, and if I don't, Cousin Peggy Bayly is going to Balt'mer City next month, and she has such good judgment."

The color flew into Virginia's cheek. She thrust the letter into her desk, set her lips, and got herself into her chilly bed.

When Miss Yerby arrived at the office next morning and approached her desk, she saw lying there another missive, but not this time with the pale tremulous superscription and splotchy wax. It was instead one of those ominous yellow envelopes which no woman can ever see addressed to herself without a certain involuntary constriction of the heart. Virginia felt that sudden tightening about her bosom as she opened the envelope with trembling fingers and read the message. The same old story, repeated generation after generation in the Yerby family: "Sudden stroke. No hope. Come at once."

Looking herself as if she had had a "stroke," the girl rose, shaking, from the seat into which she had dropped, and tottered across the floor to the chief clerk's desk. Speechless, she placed the telegram in his hand, and without waiting for a word, turned and made her way as steadily as she could to the door. She had no intimates among the ladies of her division, but she had made no enemies. Glances of wonder and sympathy followed her from a dozen pairs of kindly eyes, and one fresh-faced girl started from her seat as she passed.

"She has got some dreadful news; she looks as if she might drop any minute. I'm going to see her through, whatever it is. Just tell him, will you?" she said hurriedly to a companion, and then made her way quickly to the dressing-room.

"Now don't try to speak, don't tell me a thing, dear," she said, when she found the stricken girl trying in a dazed way to get into her hat and coat. "Let me button you up. There! Here are your gloves, and you have your bag still on your arm. Now which car do you take? for I am going to see you home."

"No, not home. The depot—Sixth Street—by way of Baltimore. My mother—"

The pale lips moved with difficulty, the words were indistinct, but the quick woman's ear caught them.

"And you can get along without going home first? You have money enough about you? I have some; just let me put it in your pocket-book, to make sure, till you come back. And you have your lunch, and here comes the car. We can catch the next train, I think."

And scarcely knowing how, Virginia found herself presently started upon her fateful journey. Of that journey she could never recall anything but a hungry desire to get on faster, faster. Neither her fellow-passengers making themselves comfortable within nor the slow-gliding landscape without had power to attract her attention. Her eyes were turned inward, and the vision they saw was an old fashioned tester-bed in a low, large, shabby room in a decaying Virginia country-house, and lying beneath the faded hangings a face and form as faded perhaps already with the last dim hues of life departed. And yet perhaps— Oh, if she could but get there quicker; if she could go by lightning instead of by steam!

It was nightfall when the endless roundabout journey came at last to an end, and the name of her stopping-place, called leisurely at the door, started her trembling to her feet. The doctor himself was there to meet the daughter of his old friend—a rusty, loose-jointed old gentleman in a still rustier and more loose-jointed old gig. A pitying shake of his grizzled head was his only answer to the mute appeal in Virginia's eyes; something in her throat made it impossible for her to speak. In silence she let herself be helped up into the ram-shackly vehicle, and silently they turned into the dark solitude of the pines, and jogged along the rough woods road till they came to the out-gate of Hedera Grange. The name was all that was left of the old plantation's pretensions. The gate hung loose from its hinges; the road was grown up in wild bunch-grass. The doctor's long sway-backed mare lifted her feet gingerly over the rotten logs of the bridge; the evening wind sighed through tall ranks of ragged sorghum canes.

When they reached the yard gate they found that swinging open too between its two ancient mulberry-trees.

"I reckon I left that open," said the doctor, finding his voice with an effort. "I knew I'd be coming right back with you; but I ain't goin' in again just now. You see, there's Mrs. Heathcote, over at the Crest, you know, expectin' an addition to her family before mornin', and I promised to go there as soon as I fetched you home. There won't be any change to-night, honey, and I think maybe you'd rather—" The look in Virginia's eyes showed him that he had reckoned rightly. "Well," he said, huskily, "good-night, child; the Lord take a-likin' to ye," and reining his old mare round, he jogged back again down the road and over the ridge to the Crest, where another drama was awaiting him.

Virginia stood staring after him into the dusk a moment. "Death—life," she was saying, wildly, to herself. "Is *my* mother's spirit going to be breathed into that new-born baby's body?" She turned and almost ran up the grass-grown drive to the house.

The kitchen door stood open, as was usual. She entered swiftly, and made her way to her mother's chamber. There was no need for haste. No consciousness revealed itself in the motionless figure that lay breathing heavily upon the high curtained bed, no recognition in the eyes that wandered restlessly from one object to another, no purpose in the feeble fingers that picked aimlessly at the tufted counterpane.

"Mother!" the girl cried, throwing herself on her knees beside the pillow; but the cry fell upon dulled ears that could not hear.

"'Tain't no use fo' ye to try to git her to speak to ye, Miss Ginya, honey," said old Bethany, who had started forward with a smothered exclamation at her young lady's sudden apparition. "She 'ain't spoke a word to nobody sence she was fust takened, an' I'm afeard she won't nevah speak no mo' on this yea'th. Po' Miss P'melya, her talkin' days is ovah, but her suff'rin' days is ovah tco, an' we must jes take one wi' tothah, an' 'sign ou'sefs to the Lawd's will, honey."

Virginia made no answer to the old servant's speech; it is doubtful whether she heard it. Her whole consciousness was centred upon the unconsciousness before her. She only shook her head when Aunt Thany begged her to have some supper; to lie down on the lounge and rest while she herself watched. How should she stir, when any moment the stricken woman might rally her scattered powers, might look at her with eyes that knew her, even perhaps find words which she should remember forever!

She drank down the coffee which the old colored woman held to her lips, without removing her eyes from the pallid face upon the pillow; she let her wrap a shawl about her shoulders, and put a stool under her feet, as she sat on the side of the bed; but she never relaxed her watch all through the dreadful hours of the night, which went so heavily, and yet seemed to be using themselves up so fast, so fast!

All through the watches of the night, while old Bethany nodded and snored beside the dying fire, and the frogs croaked bodingly in the branch beyond, and all through the following day, when the good old doctor came and went, and certain ancient relatives, in rusty bombazine, drove up in shaky carriages, and stood and gazed and sighed and shook their heads, and then, finding themselves quite unable to make Virginia talk, wandered vaguely about the house awhile, looked with furtive curiosity into one and another dismantled room, and presently, with more sighings and shakings of the head, got themselves into their risky vehicles again and drove dismally away.

Bethany brought more coffee and some new-laid eggs. They were soft, and she could make them slip down her young mistress's throat almost without her knowing. She brought in armfuls of oak and hickory sticks, and piled them upon the chamber hearth; and as daylight waned once more, and night was about to fall, she built a roaring fire in the kitchen, and laid herself down on a "lodge" of blankets in front of it, thrusting her tough old brown feet almost into the flames.

"'Tain't no use bofe on 'em gittin' all wo' out for nothin'. Time was a-comin' when they'd need their stren'th. Ole Miss might have a hard struggle at the las', fo' all they knowed."

Her stertorous breathing soon announced that sleep had overtaken her, and Virginia was sitting quite alone beside her mother in the gray November twilight, when suddenly the sick woman's shifting gaze grew steady, and fixed itself upon her daughter's face with a glimmer of reviving intelligence.

"Mother!" whispered Virginia, scarcely suffering herself to breathe as she bent over her with eye and ear strained to catch look or word. The gleam of consciousness brightened in the faded face. Virginia was sure her mother knew her now—knew her, and wished to convey something from her own mind to hers. What was it? She concentrated all her powers upon that feeble struggling countenance. Oh, if there were only some last wish she might grant now, some last fancy, humor!

But the stricken hands refused to lift themselves; the palsied tongue could utter no word of explanation; only the poor anxious head nodded backwards again and again; the eager eyes, fastened upon Virginia's face, implored her to understand; and the watching girl, growing desperate at her own lack of clairvoyance, could only groan out, "Oh, mother, *what* is it?" and bend over to change the position of the poor restless head, which, in its unconsciousness, she had not ventured to disturb.

As she shifted the pillows with yearning tenderness her hand came in contact with a little package of some sort, and in an instant she was aware that this was what was in her mother's mind. She drew it out and held it before the seeking eyes, a simple little parcel enough, wrapped in a faded silk handkerchief that smelled faintly of dried rose leaves.

"Is it this, mother?" she asked, and the swift gleam of relief was answer enough. "You want me to open it?" and again the eyes made silent response.

With trembling fingers, trembling with a certain subtle apprehension of the truth, Virginia untied the string, unfolded the handkerchief, when out fell what she expected, a sheaf of bank-notes, crisp and clean, such as she had taken care always to send to her mother.

Speechless with wonder and pain, the girl stared from them to their owner, and felt her heart torn within her at sight of the pathetic pleasure which struggled to show itself in the glassing eyes. The feeble head nodded again and again, the faded lips tried to smile, the fingers ceased their aimless plucking. Even while the daughter gazed the mother was dead.

The choking cry that broke the stillness of the death-chamber roused the old mourner from her slumbers in the next room. She got herself up to her feet with a drowsy groan, and came shuffling hastily in.

"Laws ha' messy on my soul!" she exclaimed, huskily, catching sight of the bank-notes scattered over the bed. "Were it as much as all that-ah, then? Po' Miss P'melya, she were alluz a-hidin' it away, a-stahvin' he'se'f an' me."

Virginia started up, almost sprang at her. "Is that the truth?" she asked, in a strange high voice. "*Did* she let herself want for anything? Did she—" Speech failed her, and old Bethany, frightened, made haste to reassure her.

"Laws bless yo' little haht, no, Miss Ginya! We-uns lived on the fat o' the lan', me an' po' Miss P'melya. Wa'n't thah ev'y kine o' veg'table that grows in the gyardin' an' ev'y kine o' fruit in th' aucha'd? An' mo' milk an' aigs than we knowed what to do with—'thout it wah fo' sellin' 'em to the sto' fo' flou' an' sugah an' that-ah sawt o' lux'ries. 'Cose we didn't set no sech table as we did in th' ole times, afo' the wah, when thah useter be fish an' poultry an' iyshters an' ter'pin all to onct; thah wouldn't ha' ben no sense in that. But we nevah suffahed fo' nothin'. No, indeedy, Miss Ginya. I was jes' speakin' in a figger like, ye know. But Miss P'melya she takened a notion mebbe you wouldn't be savin' enough in that-ah big stravagan' place whah you was livin', an' she let on to you she wanted this an' that an' th' othah thing jes' fo' to git the money an' keep it fo' you he'se'f. She kep' it undah her pillow day an' night; seem like she s'picioned she mought be takened sudden some time, an' she wanted to have it handy. Didn't you, Miss P'melya, honey?" She peered down to look into her mistress's face. "O Lawd! O Lawd!" she broke out again, in a shrill cry. "Heah I ben a-stannin', goin' on about her, an' nevah knowed it wuz the name o' the dead I wuz takin' in vain! Oh, Miss P'melya, honey! I nevah s'pected you'd be the one to be takened, an' po' ole good-fo'-nothin' Tinnie the one to be lef'!"

Virginia paid no attention to the old negress's wailing. No tears had come to her as yet to loose the stress of opposing feelings that constricted her breast. Dry-eyed and speechless she sat gazing at the waxen mask before her, the mouth a little distorted by the dying attempt to smile. Suddenly the old woman started from where she had thrown herself upon her knees beside her mistress's bed.

"'Sh!" she said, in a hurried whisper. "Listen thah, now, Miss Ginya. Don't you heah somepin'? It's somebody comin' up the yahd, an' it ain't the doctah's footstep nuthah. It's a-comin' right in the kitchin do'."

Ordinarily the sound of a strange footstep, even in the ghostly autumn twilight, would not have frightened Aunt Tinnie, used to the tradition of hospitality at all hours. It frightened her now, but none the less she got upon her feet, and went bravely forward to meet the intruder. Virginia also turned her head, dully, but on the instant her look changed, her close lips sprang apart, she held out her hands piteously, and "Oh, Edward!" she cried. For Edward was standing, his steps suddenly arrested, in the doorway, staring, awe-struck and amazed, at the strange spectacle—the dead woman, the marble-faced girl, and the unseemly litter of money between them.

Virginia started forward, tottering; then reading the look in his eyes, she answered it with a sort of wild wounded note: "Yes; it was not for herself; it was for me she wanted them!" She tried to hold herself back from him, but she could not, and, all trembling and crying, she let herself be gathered into the arms stretched out for her.

Bethany watched them for a moment with her shrewd black eyes; then turning to draw the sheet over her dead mistress's face, she whispered, as she bent down low: "Thah, now, honey; don't you fret an' worry no mo'. She done provided fo' now, an' you kin take yo' rest."

She slipped out into the kitchen then, and from there, with her arms full of light-wood knots and hickory logs, to the disused parlor on the other side of the hall, where she piled them liberally upon the great claw-footed brass andirons.

"Thah, now; thah's a regulah ole-time Chrishtian fire once mo'," she said, half aloud, as the broad flames leapt out and set the shadows dancing upon the ancient mahogany furniture.

"I cert'ny is glad Miss Ginya's got a beau, an' that's the truth. I'm clean tahd out with this yer pinchin', minchin' sort o' livin', and I alluz had a honin' fo' somepin' 'sides piny woods and salt ma'shes. Kin git mah'ied soon now, I reckon', wi' all that ah money what we scrimped an' saved; an' I shill go right along wi' 'em, an' do fo' Miss Ginya jes like I done fo' her maw. Po' Miss P'melya! Th' ain't but one thing mo' I kin do fo' her now, an' that I mus' go an' do to onct."

She put another log on the high-heaped fire, brushed up the hearth, dusted a couple of three-cornered hair-cloth chairs, and set them before it. Then she recrossed the hall and re-entered her dead mistress's chamber.

Virginia still stood crying silently against her lover's shoulder. Bethany stopped in front of them, dropped a stiff little courtesy, and said, decisively:

"The pahlah is in read'ness, Miss V'ginya. Will you take yo' comp'ny in thah, please, Miss, an' leave me to attend to my lady yer?"

Virginia started from the arm that held her, and a shiver ran through her at the old woman's words. With a swift movement she threw herself on her knees beside her mother's bed, and buried her face on the fast-chilling breast.

"No, no!" she cried, in a stifled voice; "that is my place! I want—I must!"

Bethany answered, inexorably, "It's been many yeahs now, Miss Ginya, sence yo' maw's ben in the habit o' havin' me dress her. I don't reckon she'd feel easy to have anybody else doin' it now."

She looked with a servant's authority towards her newly elected master. "She's all tahd out, po' thing, wi' the trav'lin' an' the watchin' and the weepin'," she said. "Take her into the pahlah, please, sah, an' make her rest."

And she stood by, waiting inflexibly until her young lady, too exhausted for resistance, suffered her lover to lead her away.

Presently, as they sat silently gazing at each other in front of the fire, a second strange footstep was heard coming up the yard and stopping on the porch. Edward got up quietly and went to the door, coming back almost immediately with a small package in his hand.

"A boy from the station with this," he said. "It seems to be addressed in your handwriting, dear," bending down and looking at the direction by the fire-light.

Virginia started forward and clutched it with that same strange hurt cry. "It is the tippet I bought for her, Edward," she said; "the bit of fur you saw me wear that afternoon. And she did not want it at all. I found a postscript afterwards. She only wanted the money to save for me—for me!" She pressed the parcel to her breast, then broke out again with a hysterical laugh, which changed instantly to a sob. "I shall have to wear it myself, after all, Edward. And you will never have anything to be jealous of again but the poor little creature's head under my chin."

Her lover put his arms around her beseechingly. "Don't, Virginia, don't!" was all he could find to say.

CITY HALL SQUARE.

(*Continued from page 957.*)

it was for Leisler's foes that the rain muffled the roll of the death-drums, for Governor Sloughter had he heard might have roused from the drunken torpor into which he fell at their feast, after having signed the death-warrant.

Robert Livingstone, high in the ultra-loyal, anti-Leislerian embryo Tory party, stood at the gallows foot as the doomed men ascended.

"For this shall I implead you before the bar of God!" said Jacob Milborne, solemnly.

But Leisler spake no word of accusation or complaint, his one thought being of pity for his young son-in-law and secretary, to whom he turned, saying, "Why must you die, who have been but my servant?"

Then the rain-muffled drums rolled again. A shudder, a wrench, a fall, and a storm of sobs and curses rose as the people pressed forward to pluck some relic of their leader from the garments which clothed his corpse.

Such was the first act of the great drama of popular liberty enacted on the People's Square. Not the dead of the Boston Common, slain seventy-five years after, were the first martyrs to the independence of these States, but Jacob Leisler and Jacob Milborne, who were hanged for having in the interim between the downfall of James II. and the arrival of the royal warrant of William and Mary, well and wisely ruled the province by virtue solely of the will of the majority of the People.

They were buried in the grounds of Leisler's country-seat, for Leisler was a warm man, a prosperous merchant, with wealth of carven curios on his shelves, and tulips in his garden. And let him who believes that the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church, that heroes do not die in vain, that republics are not ungrateful, know that the monument erected on the site of their graves was old Tammany Hall, out of whose windows Tweed looked while conceiving and carrying out the theft of the People's Square under the People's swarming noses.

If this claim to the first blood of independence takes title too far back, so that some historical statute of limitations may run against it as the legal statute long since has against the claim of the Liberty Boys and their heirs to the ground where they placed their Pole, and defended it against the redcoats (ground, by-the-way, for which the City voted but never paid them £80), or if the subsequent reversal of the attainders defeat the claim, the old Square has another. To be sure, the battle of Golden Hill was fought down in John Street, between Cliff and William, but it all began in the Square three years and more before that January day in 1770. It began when the Liberty Boys set up the Pole in honor of the repeal of the Stamp Act—set it up before the eyes of the 28th Foot over in the barracks on the line of Chambers Street.

The 28th Foot came out and chopped it down. Bitter was the war of club and cudgel, hanger and bayonet, lampoon and proclamation that began then, and went on, for the maintenance of the Liberty Pole. One night the redcoats charged with bayonets breast high, and drove the Boys into Montayne's coffee-house at Broadway and Murray Street. One day a Boy vanquished the scarlet persecutor with a ram's horn, not by blowing it till the barrack walls fell down, but by striking a malignant soldier in the face with it. But not till the Battle of Golden Hill was mortal hurt done. Then a sailor, who had joined the Boys, was run through the body, so that afterwards he died. This was the month before the Boston Massacre, but there has been no record made of the sailor's name. New York has been too busy.

Of the last royal Governor who ruled by civil authority, and who took boat for the frigate *Asia* when Mr. Washington and his tatterdemalions came to town, the Square preserves some record in Tryon Row, which is the name still given to that short northeastern boundary which runs from Centre Street to Park Row. But the thunder of the mail-wagons through the street which bears the name, at the southern boundary, of the cargo they carry is the only echo of the drums of Washington which beat on the hot summer evening air for the reading of the Declaration which had just—July 10, 1776—arrived from Philadelphia.

All was well ordered then, the reading going on decently, as the Chief designed, at the head of each brigade; the rear